

Thomson Udden.



The YEAR BOOK
ST. MICHAELS COLLEGE
1916

Compliments of J. B. M.

St. Michael's College Year Book 1916

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE ARCHIVES
113 ST. JOSEPH ST.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA
MS 14

EDITED BY
The Graduating Class





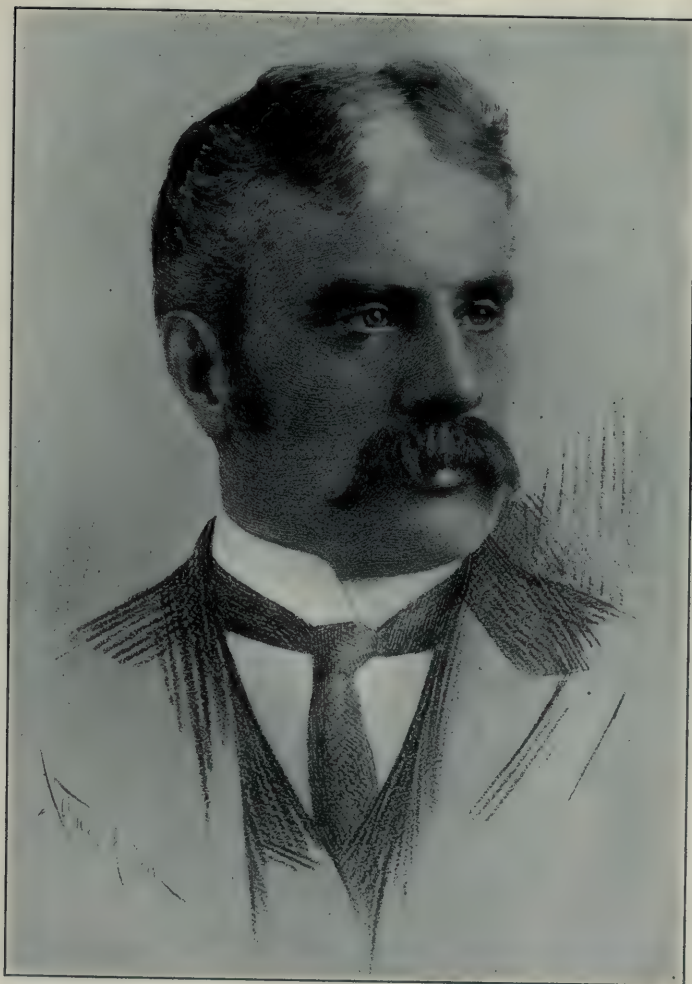
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KING GEORGE V.
Your King and 'Country need you now.



SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

Canada today expects every man to do his duty.



TO VERY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH
Volume VII.
St. Michael's College Year Book is gratefully dedicated.



VERY REV. H. CARR
President of St. Michael's College.



YEAR BOOK STAFF.

J. P. Collins,
J. J. Barker,
H. J. Payette,

E. Bunyan,
T. J. Gallivan,
W. J. Hattrick.

Foreword

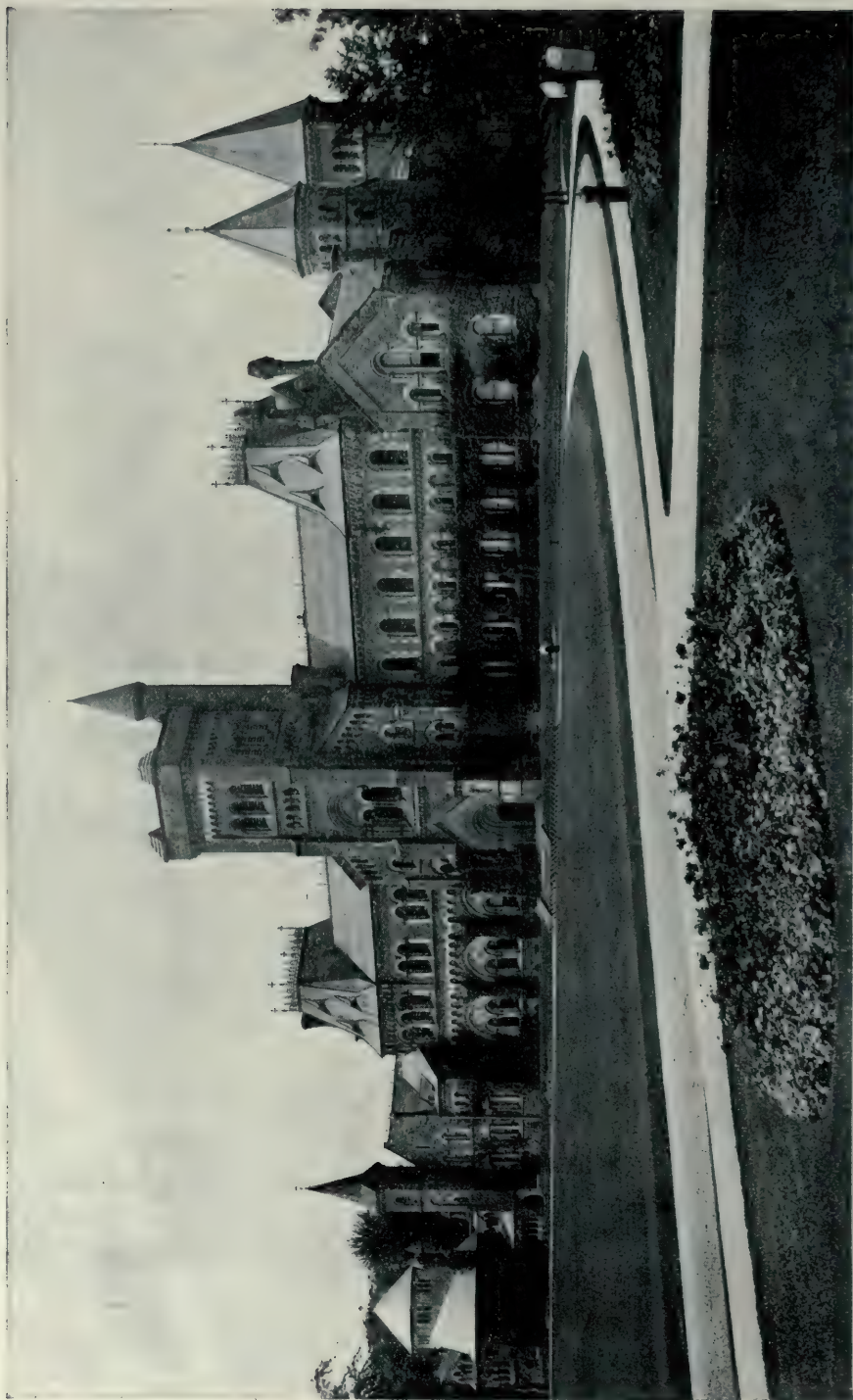


WITH this issue the St. Michael's College Year Book reaches its seventh volume. It is edited by the graduates of the year with the assistance of one or two of the Juniors. The six previous volumes have been successes and now the seventh is released to its fate at the critics' hands. With the beginning of each scholastic year the class pictures to itself in gilded imagery a book that shall be the synonym of all that is high and ideal. A month goes by of tedious labor, and the gilding is changed to silver grey, but the ideals remain and serve as a mark to urge on lagging efforts.

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

If to former students, and parents of the students who took part in the events chronicled, and those of the ever growing circle of friends of the College—this book brings aught of pleasure, even then our labor will be amply repaid. For the graduates themselves it will serve as the fleeting years remove them from the time of these events and dim some memories, and call back the scenes again of four years spent, the best in life, within the College walls on Clover Hill.

If for these two things it serves its purpose, and gives incidentally an insight to the Catholic people what the College is trying to do for Catholic education and up-lift among the students, it will not be entirely labor lost.



TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

St. Michael's, the Catholic College of the University of Toronto

TO keep thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of higher education is a very difficult task. Seldom is it found except in those whose position calls for it. To judge from the mistaken notions which are so frequently met with regarding the working of our Provincial University, one must conclude that it presents a situation that is hard to grasp. No doubt it is. Particularly difficult is the college system of the University, and what concerns us here, the position of St. Michael's as a College of the University. All we hope to do in these few lines is to give a few general notions of the situation.

The University of Toronto has an attendance of 4,000 students, and spends \$1,000,000 a year. Courses are given in all the higher arts and sciences. The work of the University is divided into seven parts, called faculties; for example, the Faculty of Medicine.

St. Michael's College is concerned with one of the faculties—the Faculty of Arts. The work of this Faculty is done through four colleges—Victoria, Trinity, St. Michael's and University College. All four are on equal standing, except financially. University College is non-denominational and supported by University funds, the other three represent the interests of the Methodists, Anglicans and Catholics respectively.

Common affairs, like examinations, are under common control; college matters, such as discipline, are regulated by each College as it wishes. The Colleges do not confer degrees; there is the one degree for all. This arrangement is called federation. St. Michael's became a federated College of the University of Toronto November 14, 1907.

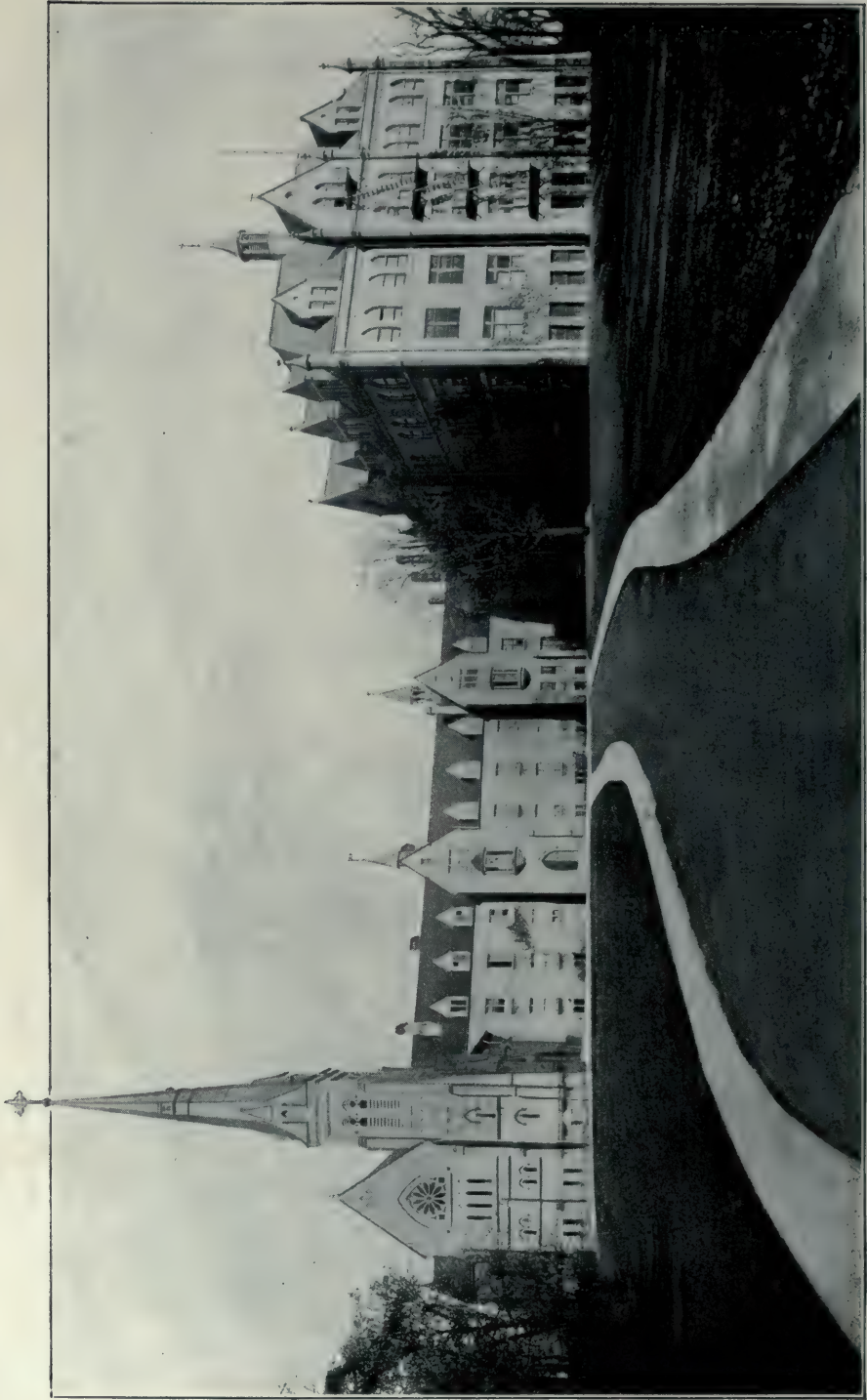
The terms used are difficult. A student is said to be attending the University of Toronto, registered in the Faculty of Arts, enrolled at St. Michael's College, and if he is from out of town, in residence at St. Michael's.

Students who are enrolled in other Faculties, as Medicine, Science, etc., are admitted to residence in St. Michael's.

There is no theological course at St. Michael's, but Church students take the course in Philosophy in preparation for the seminary. This is one of the Arts courses leading to the degree of B.A.

There is also a High School Course leading to the Junior Matriculation.

St. Michael's is not a co-educational college. It has entrusted the instruction and care of its women students to the nuns of St. Joseph and to the Ladies of Loretto.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE FACULTY

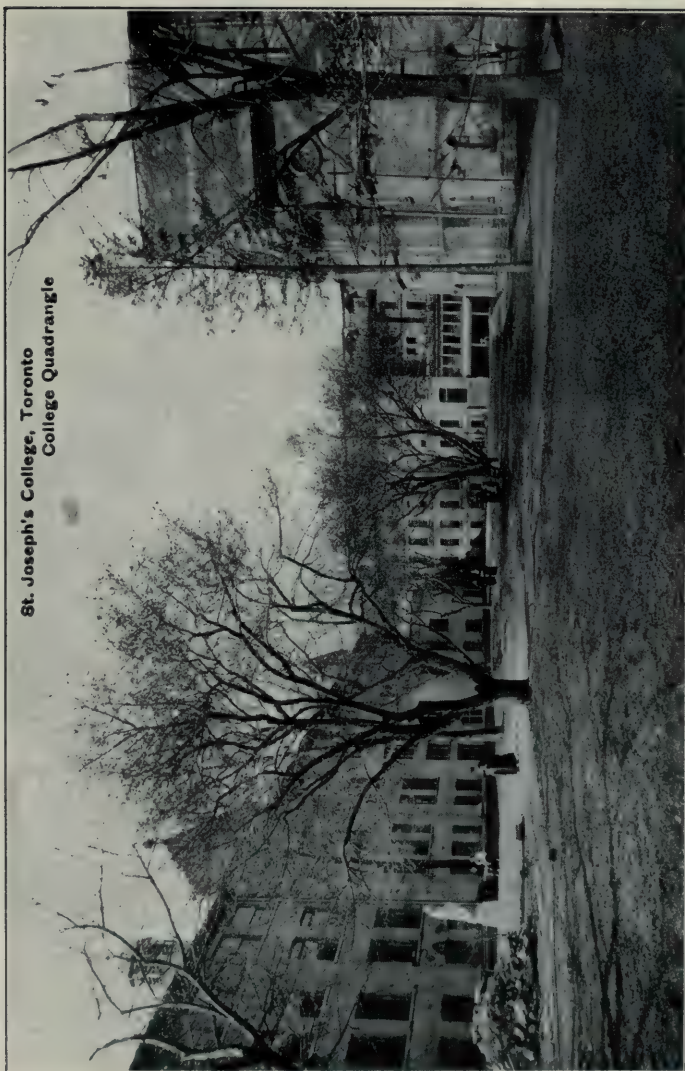
Rev. F. D. Meader, C.S.B.	Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B.
Rev. W. Murray, C.S.B.	Rev. R. W. McBrady, C.S.B.
Rev. E. G. Powell, C.S.B.	Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A.
	Rev. M. J. Ryan, C.S.B.

St. Joseph's College

WALLS material keep our little lives asunder, walks distinct and separate receive our footprints, preceptors several fill our heads with wise ideas, but beyond the formal barriers, away from the pleasant campus, and along with our directors and directresses among whom one purpose holds, the world of mind and soul unites our hearts with pleasure in this index of our aims and interests, this record of our doings and achievements—St. Michael's College Year Book. Here we find our places side by side—the sturdier mentality with the finer instincts, the broader intelligence with the keener discrimination, the stronger with the weaker, as in the walks of life. Here distinguishing colours blend, and separate matters combine, since our labors are directed towards one end—the acquisition of useful knowledge, and our interests are focussed in one objective—Catholic higher education.

A larger roll of students in Arts is found at St. Joseph's this year than has been recorded before. Gradually has the number grown, which shows that the initial registration at St. Michael's five years ago of students for this course has proved a sane adventure. It announced our desire at that time to share in the privileges enjoyed by a federated College of the University of Toronto. Since then the students in Arts at St. Joseph's have profited greatly by the advantages extended to them through St. Michael's College—of lectures delivered weekly within our walls by learned College professors, and those associated with that staff; of social intercourse which is exclusive and surrounded by an atmosphere congenial and salutary and of special helps to spiritual, aesthetic and intellectual growth. These and other advantages of a more indefinable character, gratefully do we enjoy as students of St. Joseph's, while taking our examinations successfully at the University of Toronto and finally receiving its coveted Baccalaureate Degree.

Looking back over the events of the current year, there seems to be little of extraordinary interest for the scribe to chronicle—an evening of home-entertainment, pleasantly spent over cups of cheer and jests spontaneous, an evening among historic remains kindled into living interest for his audience by the most scholarly treatment of Archbishop McNeil, an evening of most agreeable intellectual enjoyment afforded the students by the gifted poet Mr. Joyce Kilmer, on "War and the Poets"; a pleasant surprise for Miss Madalene Murphy, who won the special prize awarded by the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Department of Italian at University College—these, and the minor happenings of a year of successful progress would fill what we might call an illumined page, but a shadow has overcast its brightness, and it will always mark for us this year as one of sorrowful memory—it is the loss of one of our beloved and most highly esteemed teachers, whose presence among us was an inspiration to supreme endeavor, and whose safe guidance and direction along the ways of intellectual effort was as an earnest of success. It is hard for us to realize that Sister Austin is gone beyond this bourne of time. She gave us no warning, but in her quick, characteristic way passed from her tireless labours into that silent peaceful rest, "in God's still memory treasured deep," sharing His perfect knowledge until the Resurrection morn.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.



LORETTO ABBEY.

Loretto Abbey

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE completes in May, 1916, the fifth year of its affiliation with St. Michael's.

The ever debatable question of the advisability and of the character of higher education for women has been summarily disposed of in our age by the unanswerable argument of woman's will. She wills to have the best that the highest institutions of learning can offer in knowledge and education. The present problem is then, not whether to provide, but how to provide, facilities for Catholic women in University work.

St. Michael's, the Catholic College of the University, has solved that problem by permitting the names of Catholic women on its register and superintending the work of these classes as carried on at Loretto Abbey and St. Joseph's.

Loretto Abbey College students have made very good use of their opportunities. Courses have been established in Honor Modern, Honor English and History and in Classics, in addition to the General Course. In 1913 the Mathematics and Italian term examination lists of the University were headed by Loretto students. The May examinations saw the Honor students of that year all credited with First Class Honor standing, and the General Course students in the proficiency lists.

This standard has been upheld throughout. In May, 1915, a Loretto student stood first in I. Class Honor Moderns of Third Year University, and another first in I. Year Moderns, while several others ranked also in I. Class Honors. Italian prizes, donated by the Italian Government, have three times been awarded to Loretto students.

The spirit of industry is not more promising than the spirit of activity in other useful spheres. Social and literary organizations provide varied entertainment and social intercourse. Each year has seen the presentation of some good dramatic work, such as the morality play "Everyman" in 1913, Tennyson's Princess in 1915 to celebrate the first graduation, and the Shakespearian "As You Like It" in this year.

In accordance with the desire to participate in patriotic works which all Canadian young women have in this time of national tension, the students devoted the proceeds of "As You Like It" to furnishing a ward in the Convalescent Home on College street, for returned soldiers.

As the people of Canada learn to appreciate the opportunities offered by St. Michael's, and the number of young women registered begin to increase, all Catholics desiring a University standing, both country and church may count on a body of Catholic women whose loyal service will be in accordance with a training that has included intellect, heart and will, as all complete education must.

Historical Sketch

THE sixty-three years which have passed since the early Basilian Fathers crossed from France to America to begin their noble work on this continent, have witnessed the return of all those early pioneers after lives of strenuous labour, but to a Land far brighter than sunny France.

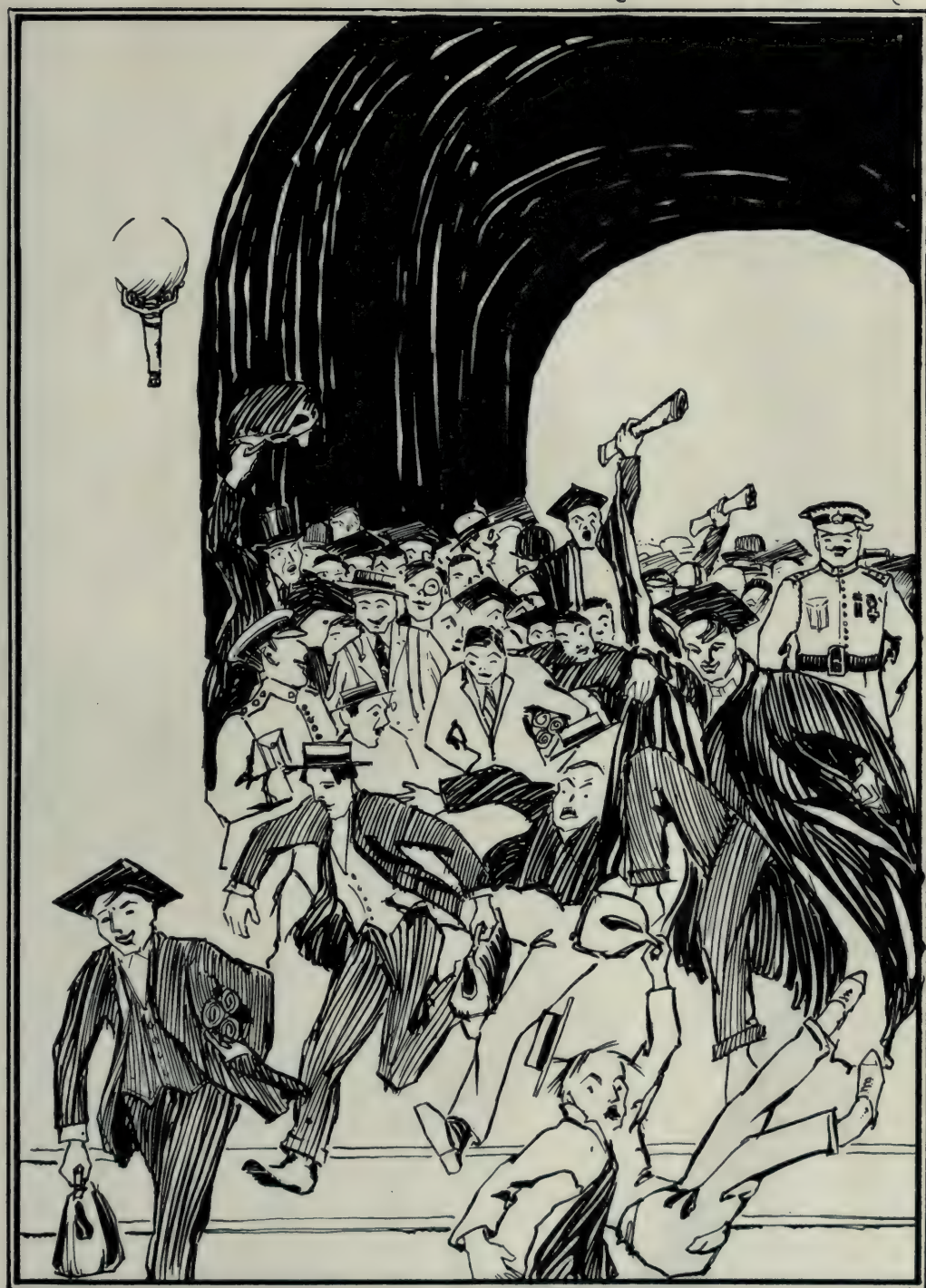
They laid the foundations for their successors broad and deep, and to-day we find as a result, four flourishing colleges, two in the United States, two in Canada, all taking their vigour and strength for the result of the work of these earlier labourers at St. Michael's, which has itself undergone great changes and development.

In the consideration to-day of St. Michael's proud position as a fully developed College of the University of Toronto, with an enrollment which is increasing so rapidly that it has, within the recollection of the present graduating year, grown to three times its earlier numbers, we are apt to be more or less neglectful of the struggle which has made this condition possible, a condition which is an invaluable asset to higher Catholic education. The memory of those men who sacrificed brilliant careers in other fields and gave their best in an obscure and humble fashion, in order that, not only their generation, but the generations of all time to come in this country, might be so endowed, must not only be honoured but kept fresh, as the highest ideal which can be placed before the Catholic student of to-day.

The success of their work bears no more conclusive proof than that they were able to establish these other seats of learning and their own Scholasticate, without loss of energy or vigour, or without interfering with the general advancement of what may be regarded as the Mother House of the American branch of the order. In addition, many parishes throughout the country have much to thank these pious priests for, because their work went beyond the walls of the school, to numerous churches and to institutions like the Central Prison, the Asylums, the Mercer Reformatory, and these have witnessed the untiring zeal of these holy men, endeavouring to call souls to God, even from among the number of those whom the world has deserted.

There is no better proof to be found for the unlimited development of St. Michael's as a part of the University, than a consideration of the years which have passed since the humble beginnings in 1852, and a short study of the lives of those who laboured so fervently for her advancement.

This year her largest graduating class goes forth, more courses have members on her registration list, a more active interest in University affairs has been shown than ever before, her faculty, composed as it is of men capable of sustaining the best of traditions, is larger than ever before, and future members of the faculty are studying in other universities. All these augur well for her future in the remarkable position of a Catholic College conferring a State University degree, but there can be no greater proof of the necessity of her wonderful future as a Catholic educational institute than the successful issue of the life work of those who are no more.



Simon Joseph Armstrong



SIMON was born in Clonmel County, Tipperary, Ireland. He retains few reminiscences of his birth place, as he went to live in England at the age of four. After a few years spent in England, the family came to Canada, taking up their abode in Toronto, where Simon has lived ever since, except for some time spent in Oakville on the American side. Simon owes most of his knowledge to St. Michael's College, which he entered in 1904. After remaining one year, he decided his travelling experience was needed by the G. T. R. While engaged with this concern,

Simon set his mind on what he would like to be. He saw that the qualifications necessary to realize his ideal were to be found in St. Michael's Art Course. In 1910 he returned to College, where he distinguished himself by winning the College Scholarship for Matriculation. During his Arts Course, Simon has always been looked upon by professors and students alike as the most industrious student of Onety-six. Scrupulously punctual, he has never been known to skip a lecture. In fact, he has been sole representative of Class '16 on more than one occasion. He is a recognized authority on questions concerning Church History and Greek. Although of a retiring disposition, he has been known to display a fiery temper on the "Home Rule" question. As regards athletics, Simon is very fond of a game of handball. By Class '16, Simon will always be remembered as the most conscientious student that ever copied notes.

Miss Madeline Burns

MISS MADELINE BURNS has been a resident of Toronto since infancy, and has therefore enjoyed the many advantages which this great educational centre affords for discipline, instruction, information and complete development. The Separate School, the High School, and the Collegiate Institute have in their turn prepared this young lady for her College career, upon which she entered by registering in 1912 at St. Michael's College for the studies of the General Course. Since then Miss Madeline has been a resident student in the affiliated College of St. Joseph, where she has pursued the study of all the subjects of her election except the sciences in which she obtained high honours, and which were taken in the laboratories of the University of Toronto.



"Mad" is not one who devotes all her time to work, and to the serious pursuits of life; she believes in a proportionate amount of recreation and out-of-door sport, such as skating, the game of tennis, etc. She has a happy, cheerful disposition, which enables her to bear accidental mishaps, disappointments, and occasions for discouragement, whether in the Physics laboratory or in the lecture-rooms of St. Joseph's with quiet composure, patient, unruffled temper, and a smile on her countenance for the first kind friend she meets. Madeline has a warm heart, which is ever ready to respond to calls for sympathy, and this in conjunction with her sallies of sparkling wit, has made her a general favourite among her companions. In her final year she has been chosen President of the Literary Society of St. Joseph's College, and Editor of the College Department of "St. Joseph Lilies," in which relations she has given satisfaction. Her many friends all join in heartily wishing her the "best of success" in whatever she undertakes in the future.

Emmett E. Bunyan

"Everything comes to him who works."



THE year 1894 marks the beginning of a very interesting and successful career—that of Emmett E. Bunyan. Although he was born in North Bay, and though he spent his early days there in that land of dreary winter, yet we are not to suppose that his disposition was at all affected by his surroundings, for he has always been noted for his sunny disposition and friendliness to all. His matriculation was won from the North Bay Collegiate in 1911.

He began his University career in St. Michael's in 1912, in the General Course. He has always been an active promoter of hockey—played in Junior O. H. A. and Jennings Cup. As Secretary of State in the Students' Parliament of 1916 he has shown great promise as a public speaker.

In general he is characterized by the part which he has played in all College activities, not astrally brilliant, but highly efficient in all. We know not what the future holds in store for him, but whatever it be, his past career points to the highest success.

Joseph P. Collins

IN the Town of Indian River, on July 8th, 1893, began the sparkling career of Joseph Collins. Early in life some faint indications of his future brilliance showed themselves in the village school-room, and many a sad, girlish heart mourned his all-too-quick passage into Peterboro Collegiate. Here the liberal policies which later on became distinctively his took fertile root and remained with him after he had gloriously stormed the barriers of matriculation and precipitated himself into College life. Resistless as a fiery comet, he swept across the scholastic horizon, meeting year after year, without a hindrance. Men marvelled at his new-thought policies and stood aghast when with matchless intrepidity he gave them voice in Father Hurley's Parliament. The four walls of the old grey college, he declared, should not bind the student's horizon. Free speech and freedom of action should be theirs. To dance, to feast, to freely come and freely go were among the certain inalienable rights of man. He backed his preaching by his life and therefrom much adventure came. His oratorical attainments reached their zenith when with Thomas Gallivan he reached the inter-year debating finals and amidst a burst of fireworks and pyrotechnics (not all verbal) he succeeded in carrying off the coveted Heydon medals. No less famous in politics, he is now deputy speaker—the highest position in the grasp of the parliamentary student.



In the majesty of the suttane and reversed collar, he wields authority around the yard and wisely tempers justice with a smile. With his going one of our brightest stars will pass into space and shed his light upon some other happy sphere.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Miss Edna F. Duffey

"She hath a nimble wit ; I think, 'twas made of Atalanta's heels."



ST. THOMAS, Ont., bears the record of the birth of Miss Edna Duffey on August 18, 1894, although she now claims allegiance to the "Stars and Stripes," having lived for some years past in Lima, Ohio. A fair graduate from Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, she came to Toronto in 1911 and enrolled at University College as a General Course student. The following year she entered upon her brilliant career as the pioneer student in the English and History Course at Loretto Abbey. A student, ardent and persevering, she has won a foremost place each year in the honour list, yet she has shared likewise in the various activities of College work. In her Sophomore and Junior years, she proved her worth as assistant Editor of the College "Rainbow," and as President of Class 1T6. In testimony of her ability, for the present time, she was chosen as a member of the Dramatic Executive and the representative of Loretto Abbey College in the Women's Student Council. Our "Celia" hath a nimble wit and a cheery disposition, which augur well for the future.

Hugh Raymond Ellard

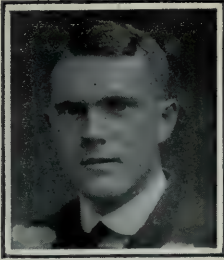
TORONTO has been the scene of all his activities. His early education was obtained at St. Helen's School.

In 1908 he entered De La Salle Institute, and matriculated in 1912, winning the medal for General Proficiency. Intent on drinking deep of the Pierian spring, he joined the class of '16 at St. Michael's. His chief enjoyment is philosophising. A seminar alone can lure him out at night from "Hickey" and the arm chair by the fireside. For his final year he is investigating the attacks that have been made on the syllogism from the time of the Renaissance



down to the present, and there is no doubt that his essay will be read by all, and will forever dispel the cloud of darkness, which has been hanging over Scholasticism. In athletics, Hugh has shown himself a past master of handball. His presence on the College team is evidence of his ability. The best wishes of the graduating class go with him in whatever vocation he may choose in life.

John P. Fahey



ON March 25th, 1891, the stars must have shone brightly, for at this time "Jack" began an existence which was to become celebrated in the course of time. The Public School of Elgin must have been proud of the possession of such a character and afterwards burdened with sorrow when the boy's mental ability necessitated his early entrance to High School at Athens, from which place he matriculated and passed his Normal Entrance. But his insatiable thirst for knowledge caused him to seek a more extensive hunting ground, which he found at St. Michael's. There he registered in Honour Philosophy, and the Republic of Plato and the theories of St. Thomas came as ordinary occurrences to his mature mind. He became a devoted member of the Conservative Parliament, and frequently caused the walls of the Auditorium to resound with words expressive of the party policies. Four years of University and College life have left their impression on Jack and have developed in him a sterling character. During those years he adopted the "thorough" policy, and the glow of his personality shines through the heaviest mists. But if nature endowed our hero with a keen intellect, she also favoured him with a sturdy body. As a consequence his clever stick-handling on the skating rink and his continuous interest in baseball and Rugby will be slow in disappearing from the minds of his College friends. We extend to him our best wishes on his graduation with the Class of Onety-six, and we feel confident of his success in days still unknown.

Thos. J. Gallivan

TOM first demanded attention on July 2nd, 1894, in Chatham, N.B. A few years and he entered Chatham Grammar School. Afterwards he registered for Matriculation at St. Thomas College in his home town. On completion of a very successful course there, he turned him to St. Michael's in 1912. And now, in accordance with his usual progress, he stands on the threshold of his desired goal.

Tom's career has been marked with singular success, and that, in a variety of activities. In class he has always been well up; he is Secretary of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; the Conservative party at the College find in him a staunch leader, and elected him Premier of the Students' Parliament; athletics, especially hockey, have claimed a good deal of his attention; and we are putting it mildly when we say that in the parlour Tom is not lost.

In short, Tom has missed none of the extras that go with a four years' course. A large number of friends wish him prosperity in whatever field of endeavour he may choose.



William Joseph Hattrick



WILLIAM JOSEPH HATTRICK was born in Peterborough, July 2nd, 1894. Up to the time of his advent at St. Michael's his words and deeds were hidden in the universal mist that spreads over the obscure town of his birth. Acting on good advice and according to the dictates of his own shrewd judgment, he cast in his lot with 1T6, and it was then he began to show the versatility that distinguished him throughout his course. A clever student, though he left the midnight oil unburnt, an athlete of undoubted ability, and a ready mixer, he soon won a place of prominence in all activities within the College. There wasn't just anything that Bill wasn't into, and everywhere he went he left his mark in some way or other in the hearts of those he met, or at least on the furniture.

Miss Irene Lang

"A maid of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

MISS IRENE LANG made the little town of Whitby forever famous by selecting it as her birth place, a score of years ago. There she attended St. John's Separate School and Whitby High School. For the past four years, the sunshine of her happy disposition has brightened the halls of Loretto and has been a valuable addition to the welfare and happiness of Class '16. Her musical talent and her amiability in offering her services to provide entertainment for the others, have made her a general favourite with her companions. The cares of life sit but lightly on our "Nemo," who often intersperses the hours of study with snatches of song. She has also shown considerable dramatic ability as "Emmeline" in the French play, presented in Second Year, "Melissa" in the Princess, and "Monsieur Le Beau" in "As You Like It," "Melissa" in the Princess, combination of study and pleasure, the remembrance of which will brighten the years to come.



Miss Ellen Irene Madigan

“Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”



IN September, 1912, an interesting small person from Deseronto arrived at Loretto Abbey College. Several documents marked “Honours” and bearing the seal of the Education Department, coupled with an affidavit that she really had been born sixteen years before at Campbellford, procured her admission to Toronto University. It soon became evident that the small person possessed a strange power of absorbing knowledge through every pore, also a tendency to drive dons to their wits’ end by artless questions. The University term lists in Mathematics showed the small person perched at the top.

Her Sophomore year was marked by a particular devotion to Psychology and Geology. She also showed a fine public spirit in lending her best specimens of fossiliferous limestone to block the entrance of mischievous rodents. This year appeared that celebrated work known as “Madigan’s Handbook of the Christian Religion” in two volumes, which has saved the lives of so many Loretto students. The authorship of this manual, together with extraordinary distinction achieved in Religious Knowledge and Philosophy during ’15 and ’16, have led some to suppose that ignoring the Pauline prohibition she was aiming at an S.T.L.

Her interpretation of humourous and whimsical characters has made her a valued member of the Dramatic Club, while the Proficiency lists each year bear witness to her general scholarship.

Joseph McCarthy

“Your wife is like to reap a proper man.”

JOE is a product of Hastings and Norwood High School. Up to date he has spent the greater part of his time and energy in teaching “the young idea how to shoot” and in making a remarkably successful University career. His specialty is debating. He was President of the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union, 1914-15. In whatever he has undertaken he has been an unqualified success, and always a good fellow. The Class of Onety-six are proud of him now and know they will be more so when graduation will give him greater scope for his talents.



C. P. McTague

All gifts which the world offers singly on my head combine.



BEFORE entering St. Michael's Mac had imbibed all the knowledge that Guelph can offer, save that which treats of the plough and silo. Since coming to St. Michael's, the most correct biography that could be written of him would contain but one word, and that word "Success." Successful in his course in Arts, successful as a teacher in St. Michael's High School, successful on the athletic field, where he coached and managed her Rugby and hockey teams; if the past can mirror the future, years hence St. Michael's will proudly speak of him as one of her graduates.

Miss Teresa O'Reilly

"Benign she was and wondrous diligent."

MISS TERESA O'REILLEY is a native of Wildfield, Ontario, and there she received the primary education which developed application and independence in study that would delight the heart of even the Elizabethan "Scholemaster" Ascham. From the second year of High School course, Miss O'Reilly has been a student at Loretto Abbey, piling up school prizes and language prizes year by year, and obtaining Honour Junior Leaving in 1910 and Senior Leaving in 1911-12.



Such an excellent foundation for College work led to similar success in the Honour Moderns Course, begun at Loretto Abbey in October, 1912, and each return of May examinations has placed her name in the First Class Honour list, till it is an impression among her companion students that "little Treese" has the Baconian reach of all knowledge for her province. This year she was also the recipient of the prize for Italian, donated by the Italian Government and awarded by the Italian Department of the University to the student having highest standing in that subject.

Outside of the student sphere, Miss O'Reilly has also proved herself a pioneer. Maiden literary ventures have done honour to the College journal. Her spirit of loyal co-operation has shown itself in all College events, social and dramatic. In the summer of 1915, Miss O'Reilly led the way to the West for Loretto College students, and from May to October taught in an Alberta summer school in the foothills of the Rockies. Her enthusiastic account of her experiences promises to make her example efficacious, and other students will make a zealous use of their own advantages in summer sojourns in the West for the benefit of less fortunate Canadians in search of learning.

Gertrude McQuade

"A loyal-hearted maiden."



THE reputation of Stratford, as the classic city, is amply sustained by Gertrude, one of Loretto's first "honour" graduates, who leaves her Alma Mater this year and enters upon her career in the "wide world." She entered St. Michael's College as an undergraduate in 1912 and her life as a student has been a continual succession of scholarships.

Gertrude has a natural aptitude for modern languages and in the French play produced by the College girls in 1914 quite distinguished herself as one of the leading characters. Her prowess in Italian has won a name for the College as well as for herself; the Italian Government having awarded her the prize for highest standing in that subject for the last two years.

While our maiden from Stratford has had an unchecked career as a student, yet this does not prevent her from taking a share in the social activities of the College. For the past year she has been the Loretto representative of the "Varsity." Loyalty to her College, teachers and fellow-students are Gertrude's characteristics, and when she graduates she will leave behind her "monumentum aere perennius."

Henry J. Payette

"I dare do all becomes a man,
Who dares do more—is none."

OUR inimitable friend Henry appeared on the screen of life on June 29th, 1896, the joyful event being at Penetanguishene, that delightful summer resort on the Georgian Bay—which no doubt accounts for his genial disposition.

His brief career in the Separate and High Schools at home was one of brilliance and industry. An insatiable thirst for knowledge then led him to turn his gaze towards the historic halls of old St. Michael's, which was to be his residence for a few years.

In the fall of 1912 he joined Class '16, helping to swell the numbers of that august body which, however, were to be sadly depleted in time. In the following year, with the intent to become one of the wise, he enlisted with "Ye Philosophers" and incidentally with the famous "Irish Fusiliers" under the leadership of Father Purell, of which he is still a worthy member.

Henry has always been popular with his class-mates, as indeed with the whole student body. Ever ready to take his part in student activities, he has been especially an enthusiastic member of the Students' Parliament, in which he is chief whip of the Opposition. He ranks among the faithful workers, though not averse to his "bit o' pleasure" at the proper time. Possessing the sterling qualities of a true friend and a gentleman in every way, he has gained for himself the deep and honest regard of all. Class '16 is united in wishing him a bright and successful future.



The Ideal Graduate

WHAT are the traits of the ideal graduate? Or what ought a young man man to get from his four years in College?

It is not a question here of the courses which prepare for Medicine, Law or the practical sciences. The aim of such courses is to impart technical knowledge and to develop skill in the use of it. This is all they aim at, and it is not strange if they do nothing more.

When these courses are ruled out, there remain the Arts courses, Philosophy, History, Literature, etc. The primary aim here is not to help one to make a good living, but to help one live well. Knowledge with definite application in view is neglected, and knowledge of things good and beautiful and true is urged, that high ideals may be formed.

It would be interesting to know how successful these courses are in this regard. If completely so, we could expect from graduates a power of clear thinking, a fund of general knowledge and a sympathy with the larger views of life, which soon would place them in the front as leaders. But a survey of our great men, either in affairs of public policy or of private endeavour, will hardly show a preponderance of University graduates.

Why this is so, is not as simple as the question. Granting that in the matter of a liberal education a University can do what it tries to do, why has not the graduate a greater influence, why is not an Arts Course more highly esteemed?

Many causes might be advanced, and each of them in part true. But the various forces at work here are not easily analyzed, much less controlled and remedied. But there is one cause which plays a part, sometimes a large part, and its control does lie in the hands of the graduate himself. Hence its consideration is worth while.

We refer to that strength of character which is always necessary to make a man really great. The following quotation will perhaps make the meaning clear:

“What a spendthrift, one is tempted to cry, is Nature! With what prodigality, in the march of generations, she employs human power, content to gather almost always little result from it, sometimes none! Look at Byron, that Byron whom the present generation of Englishmen are forgetting; Byron the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power I cannot but think which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare. And what became of this wonderful production of Nature? He shattered himself, he inevitably shattered himself to pieces against the huge, black, cloud-topped, interminable precipice of British Philistinism. But Byron, it may be said, was eminent only by his genius, only by his inborn force and fire; he had not the intellectual equipment of a supreme modern poet; except for his genius he was an ordinary nineteenth century English gentleman, with little culture and no ideas. Well, then, look at Heine. Heine had all the culture of Germany; in his head fermented all the ideas of modern Europe. And what have we got from Heine? A half result, for want of moral balance, and of nobleness of soul and character. That is what I say; there is so much power, so many seem able to run well, so many give

promises of running well,—so few reach the goal, so few are chosen. Many are called, few chosen.”—*Essays in Criticism*, Heinrich Heine, page 92, by Matthew Arnold; Macmillan & Co., London, 1911.

If in great men like Byron and Heine, genius and ideals failed to give the expected results, for want of “moral balance” we must say, much more is this quality needed in the less-favoured. Talent and knowledge give clearer vision, the truth is more convincing, ideals are more inviting, yet the “moral balance” is also necessary to bring the attainment.

Now we know from faith that we need God, that every man at all times is given God’s help at least sufficiently, we know too that as Catholics special assistance is put at our disposal in the most prodigal way. Supposing, then, that we receive a due proportion of natural talent, the fault must lie with us, Catholic graduates, if we are not the leading forces for good, both in the Church and in the State.

One thing then all can and ought to do. We can all be true to the ideals our College has given. To be true to ourselves, to be free from blame before God and men we must live up to our talents and opportunities, whatever they may be. To fail means a real injury, however small, to the religion and education which, it appears, produced the failure. Such responsibilities are not easy to live up to. “But with God all things are possible.” Lectures and reading may make these ideals higher, thought and discussion may make them clearer, very good; but the firm resolve to do, and the constancy required to accomplish the hardest thing of all,—this must come from our own wills, strengthened from above.

One consideration might be added. It concerns the graduates of St. Michael’s, especially those of the last few years, who have not entered Holy Orders.

At present, as in the past, the great majority of our graduates become priests. Almost of necessity this keeps them on a high level. The priests must live for others. The College which produces such men ought to give high vocations in other directions, politics, law, journalism, etc. In these professions it is not so easy to keep up to early ideals. The pressure of circumstances often bring the graduate down to the common way. If only characters of iron should advance toward the priesthood, then those who aim at the higher profession should be like best tempered steel.

In the present crisis what demands are made upon these men. They are peculiarly fitted to lead and obliged to do so. They ought to show a keener perception of duty and a readier response to it. Disinterested public service is for them an unquestioned duty. This is because sound and time-tried views of life which others sometimes forget are to them familiar.

And when the war is over and poverty comes—and it will come to a degree we have never before experienced—then what careers for College men. What whole-hearted sympathy and virtue will be needed. Pure technical knowledge gives power, it does not elevate ideals nor conduce to virtue.

And priests too will be called upon to make extra efforts to meet the new social conditions. ’Tis true that shorn of luxuries, people will be more open to things divine. But we must also remember that religion does not flourish when poverty becomes dependence, nor is the Faith secure in broken and neglected homes.

MICHAEL J. OLIVER, C.S.B.

Haledictory

CONVOCATION, 1916. To us four years ago these words meant little. The event which they signify lay so far in the future that it seemed to us less real than a phantasy. At that time our University career in St. Michael's College began, and now it ends forever. Forever is the word that calls forth this writing; in that word is contained the bitter which wise men tell us must ever be used with the sweet. We are happy, indeed, the mountains have all been levelled, the valleys filled up, the stony ways made straight, and now that for which we have yearned and striven and toiled is within our grasp, our ideal almost has been attained. Graduates of St. Michael's College and of the University of Toronto. We realize to some extent at least the meaning of these words, the honours they bring, the duties they impose, and both we accept joyfully. But one black cloud mars the heaven of our joy. No longer can we think of St. Michael's College as our home. And a home indeed it was. In it we have lived, a happy family, in a little world of our own. But now it is to be broken up. Soon we shall be scattered like leaves, never again to cling to the Parent Tree. Soon we shall pass from the little harbor of college days into the vast stormy sea of life, and the thoughts of it fill us with gloom, sadness and fear. Not till now do we realize our deep love for our Alma Mater; not till now do we appreciate what she has been to us; not till the time comes to say farewell forever do we realize that in St. Michael's College, from 1912 to 1916, we have spent the four happiest years of our life. Alma Mater, fare thee well.



History of Class Ninety-Six

OURS is a small class, small in numbers and not remarkable for a superabundance of intelligence—or anything else, for that matter. We are now reduced to about one-half the size of Theodore Roosevelt's ideal family.

Of course it was not always thus. We started on the devious paths of learning with a large class of desirables and undesirables. Most of the desirables and one or two undesirables have disappeared by the roadside, unable to escape the vigilant Mr. Brebner and Co. in their mad career of scalp hunting. Those of us who have attained practically the end of our University careers, have been badly bumped and bruised en route. However, we feel like the Irish gentleman who fell from the top of a thirty-storey window and on passing the fourteenth storey exclaimed: "I'm all right yet."

That's the keynote of our family life; we are all optimists. We are labouring under no delusions as to being chosen children of the gods, though we hope to do our bit in the old world when we are released in April.

We cannot inform the reader precisely of our intentions. There appear to be mighty few openings for the young man whose only qualification is that he possesses a University degree. The position of policeman or street car conductor in a small town has a special appeal to some of us. However, it would not be at all surprising if some of the deep ones were cherishing ideas of succeeding to the Archbishopric of Toronto or the Premiership of Nova Scotia, for example. But no matter what we do, we shall carry forth with us a few ideals and a pleasant memory or two picked up incidentally with our other troubles. We are not going to revolutionize Canada or anything like that, though each hopes to do his bit in his own little sphere.

History of Class '17

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?" —Browning.

INSPIRED by this motto, the members of Onety-Seven have succeeded in making this a memorable year. Not alone in individual achievements does Class '17 pride itself, but in that class spirit which affords striking evidence of the unity and harmony existing between its members.

True, our number has diminished, and this loss is severe. To those of our class whom duty has called to other paths, we wish every success, recalling the words of Whittier:—

"They part; but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
As shells, bear inland from the sea
The murmur of the rhythmic beach."

It is beyond the scope and power of this short sketch to do justice to the many accomplishments of Onety-Seven. Combining study with recreation, the intellectual and physical development of its members has been variously exhibited in the class-room and on the field.

Certainly, our expectation of future discoveries by Fitzgerald, Smith, and McCann in the realms of philosophy rests on no slender foundation. Following in their footsteps, A. Traynor already displays an insatiable desire for psychology. Nor must there be omitted Brown, of the "Socratic Method," who as a safe rule generally adheres to scepticism. He possesses a kindred spirit in McManomy, the class satirist. The twins from the far-off north, Barker and Murphy, nobly uphold our classical traditions, daily communing with the Ancients.

On the gridiron, the work of Collins, V. Traynor, Forestell and Gillogly is a source of great credit to the class. The latter pair, our social representatives, were of great assistance in capturing the Inter-Faculty cross country championship. Then, again, J. McDonagh, who acquired fresh laurels as a debater, and L. Wood of baseball fame, formed the nucleus of the victories handball team.

The financial ability of McBride is second only to his prowess on the rink, and from his training as finance minister we may confidently expect to see unravelled the future financial difficulties of Hamilton, Ont. It is a rare coincidence, too, that J. F. Corrigan, our hockey expert, is also a great parliamentarian, having introduced the revolutionary measure of abolishing the bar—and the bottle.

Such, indeed, is but a bare outline of the year's work. But from the success attained we have an indication of the greater success which awaits them in the broader contests of life; that, by reaping the benefits of the training and example received from their kind teachers, they may bring honour to their class and uphold the fair name of their Alma Mater.

L. A. M.



CLASS '17.

History of Class '18

SINCE it is true that a little of a good thing goes far, the members of Class '18 can expect to be travelling for many years to come—on their merits. In quality, not quantity, lies our greatness. And this quality it is that gives me pause before undertaking the history of such an illustrious class.

Last year, it is true, we presented greater numbers. But think. We were, after all, mere freshmen. Let us pass over that hateful memory, and come to better days. Behold us now—sixteen full-fledged Sophomores. You cannot realize the full weight of this statement without gazing upon us, across the page.

First, let me say, we always have our class-work prepared. The light of joy that fills our eyes, as we hasten to lectures, as we imbibe knowledge! Shakepeare should have seen us. He would never have written that most deplorable description of the school-boy. But leave the class-room for wider fields—let me see—yes! the football field. Who is that, running the ball back in such brilliant fashion? Who else but Frank Doyle—isn't he just too cute, girls? How could S. M. C. have ever entered a team in the Jennings Cup without "Pete" Kelly, F. Doyle and "Scottie" McIntosh? Why, at times Kelly even goes abroad to show people how hockey is played. Connie McDougall, F. P. Quinn and N. P. Anderson also display talent in this direction. Did I hear you say handball? That is J. O'Loane's middle name. Captain O'Shanghnessy valiantly upholds the honour of the class in right alley. Also, Bill Kirke, by his book-selling prowess, bids fair to become a railroad magnate. What is more, he looks the part. Myles Flannery, Ed. Ronan and Gus O'Shea are almost perfect dancers. It is wonderful, too, the amount of time O'Shea can consume, talking into a telephone. Mr. Sullivan represents us well on the staff. He is our newest member. Morrissey's idea of heaven is a spot beyond reach of all classical studies. But when L. Rush begins to play "just a little rag" all other worries are forgotten and we simply cannot keep still.

So there we stand—the future statesmen, archbishops (nay cardinals), lawyers and leading heads of our fair land. Success to the class of Onety-Eight! And may they ever equal the enviable record they have established everywhere this year.

J. B. M.



CLASS '18.

Class '19

FROM far remote regions gathered the cohorts in October, 1915, to make up the 1T9 class. Up where the polar bears freeze to death, Big Jim Cully got a longing for an education, and led along two other men from the north, Brown and O'Connor. Away down in Texas, where the long horned steer populate the lonely prairies, Dillon saw the star and followed it to the shrine of knowledge on Clover Hill. Even in far off West Toronto they got the "up-lift" idea and sent their best along. Hamilton and all the other neighbouring towns and villages are represented on the roll.

The class of 1T9 was one of the largest ever enrolled at St. Michael's, and its quality was on a par with its numbers. When the football season opened up the coach gave the freshies the once over—and then picked half the team out of the bunch—there was material among them galore. Captain Harris, Art O'Brien and Jonas Feeney were the star line men. Jakey O'Connor and Jim Cully were the heavyweight scrimmagers. Tiger Brown (with his understudy Six Flanagan) called the signals. Leon Lettelier played outside wing, and anything that got by Napoleon had wings.

No less reputable was this class's record in other sports—Fauslus McKenna, the lanky distance runner—won the Harriers' race and Brotherton Cup for St. Michael's for the first time. Alfie Lawless and Joe Dillon were members of the handball team that defended the cup against Victoria so successfully.

Brains were not less in evidence among the freshies. On the roster their debaters, Ryan and O'Connor, defeated the doughty Sophomores. In the term examinations, John Kehoe got all the marks that are allowed on any one subject when he received the century mark in Mathematics.

Altogether, the class shone pre-eminently in every line, and have set a record for the future Freshman class to strain after.





CLASS '19.

St. Michael's College Forty Years Ago

HALF a century means a long, long time to a boy, but to the man who has lived it the far past seems like last week or last year. Standing one night on the banks of Lake Champlain, chatting with the district Squire and admiring the moonlit waters of a summer evening, I wondered to hear him say: "Fifty years ago to-night I was in school in Burlington, a raw youth of twenty, and it seems to me as if it were only a year ago." We discussed the point vainly, for I could not understand how fifty years should seem like the space of one; but now I understand, because it seems only last year that I landed in Toronto bound for a seven years' stay in St. Michael's, the happiest boy on earth. It was the September of 1874, when Lord Dufferin ruled Canada and General Grant was President, when the New York Herald was the equal of the London Times, William Black was the popular novelist, Bismarck the popular statesman, Parepa-Rosa the popular Diva, Booth the great actor, and Mary Anderson the rising star; when Sir John Macdonald and Mackenzie had it out on the hustings and in the Parliament, when Isaac Butt was forming the Home Rule party, and making ready for the terrible Parnell, and when Father Edmund Murray was steering the morals and the music of the college as popular confessor and leader of the choir and the glee club. Amid the tumult of politics, war, art and letters Father Murray moved serene. He pretended to read the Globe and the Mail and to admire George Brown, but it is still my secret conviction that he never read a line. His conversation was usually concerned about a mythical region called The Gore.

In my time I encountered all the noted persons mentioned in the last paragraph except Isaac Butt, and I can say it honestly that not one of them made the impression upon me produced by Father Murray. Of course he had ten years to make an impression, and the others had only a half hour. Moreover, he had the choir, the glee club and the band behind him. The world, and youth especially, thinks a lot of noise. It is a slang phrase in New York to say of an important man: he is the big noise. After greeting the President of that day, Father Vincent, who did not seem so satisfied with my general appearance as with my pastor's letter and a year's full tuition, I encountered Father Murray, and was softly guided by him through the maze of the first days. To me it was a dream of purple and gold. A college education in those days was a first prize in the lottery. To-day you almost get it with a railroad ticket or a sewing-machine. The simplicity of the college had no terrors for me, only delight. Wherever fate or a prefect placed me I was satisfied and blissful. I heard all around me the profane language of the "kickers" and wondered how they could so fly in the face of Providence. The chief public critic of my time was Barney Sheridan, who required for his delicate stomach a tenderloin steak or bacon and eggs for breakfast, fried potatoes and cold meats for tea, and a little

snack between meals; whereas we sat down to bread and butter and coffee for breakfast and bread and butter and tea for the evening meal, of which there was plenty, eaten off a board table without cover or napkins. We reminded Barney and his Canadian supporters that the children of the royal family were trained on this choice diet. It may be imagined what these irritable people said of the royal children and their diet.

I believe the diet has improved in variety since that far-off day. The dinner was always good, abundant and meaty. If the meat at any table failed in quantity, the head boy applied to the professors' table for relief. The refectory of that time was right beside the present students' chapel, a space taken up now by corridors and other conveniences, and was a small, dark place compared with the present dining-room. What a change when we took possession of the new refectory, with its many windows, chairs instead of benches, and the added beauty of linen and silver! But boys pay little attention to elegancies. We liked the refectory because of "the eats," and because it was a warm room. We liked the study-hall for the same reason. We disliked the dormitories because they were always cold. In mid-winter the bald boys, and Barney Sheridan was bald, suffered from the low temperature. The restless lads who usually kicked the clothes off in the exuberance of their dreams, adopted the plan of tying the bedclothes on by knotting the under sheet around everything. They looked like Egyptian mummies trussed for eternal sepulchures. In the morning we washed in tin pans, which lay in a row under their special faucets, in a framework in the middle of the dormitory. I can feel the icy chill of that water yet, but the Canadian soap was a match for it, and we got the latter no matter what the temperature.

I imagine we were fairly clean for boys, who admire the American Indian chiefly for the fact that he washes only once in ten years. There were two bath tubs somewhere, and we went in relays, although my memory about taking a bath in those days is rather hazy. Upon oath in court I would have to adopt the millionaire's refuge—I can't remember. Public opinion was strong on this point of hygiene, however, and the boy who dodged the bath was forced by other considerations to indulge the luxury. With all the hardships of the time, and I suppose they were many, we were a healthy lot, sickness was rare, and in my time only one death occurred, a case of typhoid-pneumonia contracted during the vacation. The infirmary was a joke. At one time it consisted of a room without chairs, so as to hasten the departure of the loafers: the really sick were in bed in the extra dormitory. Later it took on the comfortable shape and character of a hospital ward, but Africa would have been easier to penetrate and explore during this happy period. I saw it once on the pretext of medicine from the infirmarian. The boys were a jolly, kindly, earnest crowd, from all parts of Canada and the States, with pretty much the divisions of the present day. There was the studious faction, the athletic faction, the loafers, the pietists and the aristocracy: the first aimed at a first-class course, the second cultivated the various sports at the expense of their mentality, the third were

guerillas in constant warfare with the law, duty, and the officers, the fourth were students for the priesthood, and the fifth were the philosophers who had achieved popularity or any distinction.

The most notable student of my time was the present eminent and kindly Judge Hugh Kelly, who took honours in all his classes and for evenness of temper and steadiness of purpose showed remarkable power. He was of the judicial temper even in his youth, and although his golden hair and blue eyes hinted at temper very rarely he showed it. Bill Brady of Worcester was the baseball fiend in that day, and he is now a distinguished member of the police force in his home town. Among the loafers the most notable was the late Dr. Stafford of Washington, distinguished priest and notable orator and most lovable man. Of course the term "loafer" in college had not the significance of its common use. It meant the lazy and good-natured and harmless boy who had made up his mind not to work until his superiors forced him to it. Stafford was a charming fellow, and we did our best to wake him from his laziness. Not until the next year did he take up his work earnestly, with the astonishing success in after years of becoming the most popular pastor in Washington, with whom Presidents and Cabinet Ministers and great diplomats and officers of the army and navy were intimate. On the platform he was a most successful speaker. The most pious lad of the period in my memory was the late Archbishop McEvay, who was always a practical and sensible lad, considerable of a joker, and yet as steady in his devotions and duties as a saint. The most eminent member of the aristocracy was the notable Dan Kelly, the popular hero, a wit, a man, a good fellow who seemed to do everything right, and who broke more rules than the rest of us combined. He is now a medical man in Portland, if he is yet alive, and there is no reason why he should not be. One peculiar group existed in my day which I think was never duplicated. They were known as the peripatetics. I had the honour to be a member. Instead of playing handball or any other game, these youngsters walked back and forth at one end of the campus and discussed with heat and ignorance and noise the topics of the time. The less they knew the more they talked, and the sport became so interesting that the other sections of college life began to bet on the winners in the debate. The Americans defended their Republic against the Canadians; the Canadians upheld the limited monarchy as the ideal government against the Americans; the Irish criticized the American Republic with a spleen somewhat British, and were in turn characterized by the others as incapables and ingrates. It was a merry war, which made that group fluent and ready for the public arena.

The College Faculty was shrewd enough to direct these mental energies by means of the usual societies. And these societies effervesced, boiled over on the two holidays, Washington's birthday and St. Patrick's Day. Although I was never conscious of racial or national antagonisms on those days, I imagine the faculty often feared trouble and did much to avoid it. For example, I wrote a play for February 22nd, with the scene at Valley Forge, in which General Washington took a drink on a cold morning at the nearest canteen and then denied it—for the good of the service. The idea was burlesque of course, and was used later by Bret Harte, but the faculty would not let the thing be played—for the good of the service, I suppose. I wrote a comic opera for St. Patrick's Day called "Boycotting," the theme taken from that Irish scheme to which the suffering Captain Boycott gave his name and earned a place in the dictionary. The music was taken from Gilbert and Sullivan. Father Murray led the orchestra, eminent clergymen of the present day were singers, and the enterprise went with a vim unknown to college entertainments. The time we spent on these

shows might have been spent to better purpose, but I look back at the joy of them, at the friendships they made, the ties they strengthened, the colour they gave to life, I have no regrets, except for the boys who missed or miss our innocent and stimulating fun. The modern system of education, based on the scientific studies of the agents of capitalism, aims at many things, and in one they are quite successful, in killing all the joy that should accompany the training of the young.

The faculty of that time were a positive set of men. John Quinlan taught the Rhetoric class, and he would argue over the quantity of a syllable as if the fate of a nation hung on the result. He was very critical and distrustful of the American Republic, and his passing remarks led to many a hot discussion in class. Once we trapped him absolutely. In the Tilden-Hayes controversy of 1876, when it looked as if the two candidates for the Presidency would start another war, Mr. Quinlan incautiously admitted before the class that the situation was serious, and that if the American constitution stood the strain, its strength and durability could never again be questioned. He was quite certain that there would be war, that Europe would intervene, and that the Republic would be split up into two or three or even four sovereignties, whose mutual jealousies and rivalries would free Europe from further apprehension. As history tells us, President Hayes took his seat peacefully, the constitution stood the strain, and Mr. Quinlan could never open his mouth again on that point without a reminder.* He was a charming man, an enthusiastic student, a true friend of the boys, and a fine professor. He had a mate in Professor Heenan of the Belles-Lettres class, mildest and kindest and fairest of men, who never allowed political discussion in class and was looked upon as a great critic in literary matters. The most potent character of that time, however, was Mr. Ferguson, the prefect of recreation, the Czar of the study-hall, the man who kept order, and who made or unmade student officials with the swiftness and indifference of Henry VIII. The study-hall looked like a lady's parlor under his eye; escaping the campus while he was on duty amounted to suicide; and to be discovered breaking the law meant a dolorous way of lines, solicitude, epithet, public scorn and ostracism, at which we bellowed and then laughed. His vocation was the army, but he died a school teacher, and his influence was very marked on the discipline. On the whole, the faculty stood for a fairly good course in English and Latin, and a decent training in all other matters. A glance at the graduates of that decade is most complimentary to the faculty. They are a gentlemanly lot, entering upon old age now with dignity and the respect of their associates.

We were an innocent crowd compared with the boys of the present time, who are born with ears like an Indian's, eyes that see everything, and a nose for the forbidden, which only our modern press, with its multitudinous odors, could develop. The extent of their unwholesome knowledge is appalling. We had none of it. We were mischievous and troublesome. Perhaps the monotony of a walled life upset us, and something had to be done for relief. Bill Brady was a hero in the great pie steal, when a band of raiders stole the entire batch for the next day's dessert, and subjected the rest of us to prunes. The night air and the dormitory air were redolent of pie for a week. Everybody was on the trail of the hidden pie, but arrived only to gather the crumbs. Then the raiders fell out among themselves and came to blows, to ill-feeling after and to a climax wherein one broke a teacup on another's skull in the refectory coram omnibus, and there was for one minute a wild swirl of professors and students. That was all, except for the packing of trunks by the culprit and the exchange of telegrams with home and mother all the night long. A close observation of mis-

chief led me to the belief that much can be done if one adheres to the external observance of the law and tells nobody for at least a year. Hens love to cackle over the fresh egg, and fresh boys love to boast about the successful mischief. Let me say it with all modesty that I held the record for good conduct seven years; and the late Archbishop McEvay used to say that no lawbreaker ever got away with more murder than I did. For example, I learned once to play six popular airs on a tin flute, which is the most exasperating of musical instruments. No one knew of my accomplishment or my tin accomplice. At midnight I stole from the dormitory and played "The Last Rose of Summer" at Father Murray's door; a little later I played "Captain Jinks" before Father Mulcahy's door, who was a merry person; and so on at different moments, at different doors, different airs. The next day at class time I played a scampering air outside Father Frachon's class-room, and the boys accompanied with their feet, which resulted in the appearance of Father Frachon's head out of the window; but the musician was gone and only the headache remained. Later another class received the like attention, and presently the whole college was discussing the mysterious musician, setting traps for him, but he remained a mystery! And how the lads loved a mystery! And how many a conceited donkey admitted to his friends in secret assembled that he alone was the mysterious musician!

The most daring trick of that time was the attempt of one Alick McDonnell to lock up the entire house at midnight, each professor in his room, the servants in their quarters, the boys in the dormitories, the bellringer in his coop on the top floor. Armed with metal hooks and eyes, we tramped the dark corridors from twelve to three in the morning, secured every door but the bellringer's and that of Father Frachon's, and were driven into hiding by the appearance of Father Frachon on the scene just as the last hook was reached. But that hook failing to reach its proper place, the bellringer rang the early bell at the right time, the prefects roused the boys, and the fun began when they tried to leave the rooms and the dormitories. Such a hammering was heard in every part of the house! but each one thought his own predicament the only one, until a comparison of notes at breakfast showed that daring and original spirits had been at work. The authors were never discovered. Impostors as usual claimed to be the actors in the scheme, but no one believed them. It would be a long tale, if our escapades were worth the telling. I adhered firmly to my policy of never affronting the law too openly, and so I had a good time, preserved my respectability like any other politician or diplomat, stood for law and order always, and kept on playing the flute and the fool together. And in this world there is no more delightful fool, no more innocent knave than the Catholic college boy.

It was forbidden to attend the theatre, so we attended when we could, in various ways. It was forbidden to visit the town unless with special permission and under guard of a prefect. Therefore much time and thought were expended upon ways and means to outwit permissions and prefects. The dandies of the period moved the heavens to get out and make calls on the ladies, and the successful were surrounded after dinner by the admiring and envious, who watched them dress for the occasion with many a bitter word. The dress of that day was not as natty as at present, nor so full of color. We never creased our trousers, which were full rather than narrow, collars were low and ties plain black or any other plain colour, pompadour hair was unknown and curly locks were thought giddy or effeminate, and most boys split their hair on the left side and plastered it with oil or water close to the skull, until they looked like circus freaks. With cuffs six inches beyond the coat sleeve, saucer but-

tons, red tie, cutaway coat and flowing trousers, spats maybe, a Derby hat and a Dundreary cane, a gold chain at his vest, his shoes shining and his hair smelling, the college gallant went forth to meet the fair sex. He returned with a story that ran three days, and was as full of lies as his imagination and conscience permitted, but also interesting to the less lucky men. We added our own inventions to these fables; we invented a correspondence for the poor wretch, with his admired one, exchanging letters which we ourselves wrote and which never saw Her Majesty's mail.

Passing from these trifles, which take up so much of college life and have so important a bearing on a youth's history in spite of their triviality, important events made us look up occasionally at the world for which we were so gaily preparing, and important personages passed across the college stage, who told us this was the happiest time of our lives, at whom we smiled for their foolishness, whom we envied for their glory. Our hearts thrilled when O'Connor Power addressed us on the question of Irish Home Rule, when Bishop Conroy of Ireland visited us as delegate of the Pope, when Archbishop Lynch described his visits to Rome, and Bishop Mahony his life in Australia. These men had seen and conversed with the great ones of the world, and had taken part in sublime events and movements. We wondered if the same good fortune would ever fall to our lot. Royalty beamed upon us once in the person of the Princess Louise, and the loftiest aristocracy in the person of her husband the Marquis of Lorne. Looking back at these personages and their effect upon the students, I am of opinion now that college authorities could do nothing better to stimulate the imagination of the boys than to invite at regular intervals the noted men and women of the world to address and shake hands with the students, who are so occupied with that future of theirs that they almost worship the heroes of the public arena. I saw Wendell Phillips and heard him at Shaftesbury Hall in 1878, and the impression was so deep that after almost forty years the details of that occasion, the power of that oration, the thundering applause of a hostile audience, seem fresh in my mind. For me he spoiled every speaker I have since heard. The best of to-day are but a patch upon his garments.

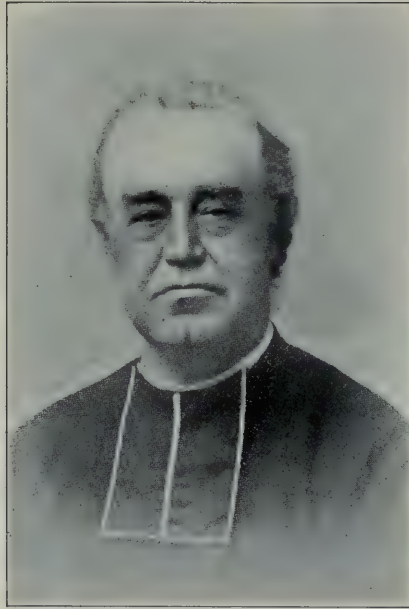
It would be quite easy for me to rattle on in this way forever, but an end must come to everything. More than half of my class is gone over to the great majority. The professors for the most part have also passed away. The city of Toronto has changed from a country town to a metropolis, from a decorous provincial capital to a rushing business center. Nevertheless Yonge street is still there, also King street, and Adelaide, whereon the opera house stood; and whenever I arrive in the town at the new station I do one of two things; check my baggage to the college and foot it up Yonge street, as long ago in the '70's, looking in the store windows as of old like any hayseed, until I arrive at the college street and the college door; whereupon I enter and stare down the corridor, half expecting to see dear old Father Vincent come out of his room to greet me, or Father Brennan with his long whiskers and his kind smile, or Buckley and McEvay and McDonell, with whoops of joy over my arrival. They are all dead and only their shadows greet me. The stage is still here, just as it was to the nails in the floor, but the actors have gone their ways to the greater drama of the life eternal, and others have taken their places. I find their names in lead pencil here and there, but no one recognizes them save me. Once I was the mysterious musician, with a little flute teasing the ears of professors along the midnight corridors, reminding them of Moore and Lover and Longfellow at unseemly hours; and now I am again the mysterious musician who can awake the old echoes in the college hall and give them life amid the gloom of the dead

past, give them form and colour and meaning, until the young begin to understand that they are only successors to as much brightness as their own.

On the other hand, if I do not walk up Yonge street, I hire a Victoria, which is a rare vehicle nowadays, and drive up in the style of the Victoria period. Now the beauty of the Victoria is this: it is shaped like an oyster shell, and projects its occupant into the public view, even as an oyster on the half shell in a public restaurant appeareth unto the guest. When we had the money in 1876 thus we arrived after the vacation, in a Victoria, like the half shell clams we were. Fortunately, we did not know the characteristics of the vehicle, and how it gives any but the most perfect occupant away; or, if we did know, we classed ourselves as pearls, first cousins to oysters! God be with these vanished days! I have enjoyed my life in the Adirondack region, in the whirlpool of New York journalism, in the solitude of the Hudson, but the seven years I spent at St. Michael's stand by themselves in their beauty and their joy. Most people feel that this joy was in me and not in the college, or was a part of youth and a gift of my temperament, on the ground that the college lacked the power to confer any such joy. I need not discuss the point. I hope the boys of to-day get as much joy out of their college days as I did, and as much fun, that they acquire as many friends, as pleasant memories, and that in their old age the old place will rise in their memories like a magic scene at twilight, the old facade ghostly in the evening mist, the lights flashing in the old-fashioned windows, the sound of boy voices on the air, and the last bell ringing them from the labours of the day to the last prayer and the long rest.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH.





**IN MEMORY OF THE
REVEREND PETER CHALANDARD, C.S.B.**

who departed this life on the 29th day of October, 1915, after having spent forty-seven years in the Canadian Province of St. Basil's Community, during twenty-two of which he was, from 1868 to 1890, professor of Latin and French in St. Michael's College; organizer and leader of the College Band; conductor of the St. Basil's Church Choir and director of the Sanctuary Boys' Plain Chant Choir. Was assistant Rector of the parish de l'Assomption, Sandwich, Ontario, where he died.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.



The Canadian Officers' Training Corps of the University of Toronto

AN organization which has done more than any of its kind during the short period of its existence to help the cause of King and country, is the Canadian Officers' Training Corps of the University of Toronto.

The purpose of this Corps is primarily to train men in order that they may qualify for commissions in a militia unit. They who join the Corps do not necessarily endeavour to qualify for commissions, but only they who signify intentions of going overseas. Other than these wish merely to attain a state of efficiency. The University Senate makes some concession in examinations for those taking drill. As a result, practically every student registers in drill and, becoming enhanced by military tactics, is lured on to greater exploits; so that the Corps has been an unequalled stimulus not only for training officers but also for obtaining recruits.

To form a chronological order of events within the last year, it would be entirely unfair to pass over the Training Camp in the spring of 1915.

It was a sunny morning on the third of May that the small squad of St. Michael's men formed a line in front of the College in preparation for leaving for the Training Camp. Cold, indeed, it was as they, light-hearted, stood shivering, with their great coats, which should have been put to their proper use, rolled upon their shoulders, and their other equipment arranged multifariously like raw recruits. Shivering they stood as they posed for the first of a series of photographs, which in after years would recall the prowess of the first University Contingent.

A short brisk walk and the St. Michael's section took its place with "E" Company on the University campus. There all was confusion, for the men, unaccustomed to their uniforms, were here and there struggling with those abominable puttees, while others were being instructed in the proper manner of arranging their equipment. Here, a bugler was displaying his art with all the brazen nerve that the battalion bugler can possess; there, the drummer amused himself in idle practice. Beside your ear a stray signaller was annoyingly flopping his noisy flag; hither some wanton youths were aggravating the bass drummer with pebbles. At length, the battalion was arranged in mass and gradually the noise subsided until the voice of Colonel Lang produced an almost inconceivable hush.

In due time the band blazened forth at the head of the column of route, leading the way out of the eastern entrance of the University, dragging along the winding contingent like a mighty serpent uncoiling from its lair and moving into other quarters. With bounding spirits the battalion passed over the city thoroughfares to the Bay street dock, where it embarked for Niagara-on-



C. O. T. C. ST. MICHAEL'S PLATOON.

the-Lake. Little did the cold weather hamper the spirits of the boys as they huddled together in their great coats upon the benches. The three hour trip across the lake flitted by in no time and shortly the contingent arrived at its destination.

It would take volumes to describe the life in camp. Never did young men enjoy life so thoroughly. Three days of incessant rain could not put a damper on the hearts of undergraduates whose sole purpose was to taste a bit of the soldiers' life. Reverses in some departments were overwhelmed by enjoyment in others. One may judge that "grub" conditions were most favourable when even Jack Barker refrained from condemning the inefficiency of Sergt. O'Rafferty as a pastry cook, and when Pte. Larry Kelly considered that it was unnecessary to make tactical manoeuvres for the elusive organisms in the porridge bowl.

Efficiency in hasty dressing was an accomplishment of St. Michael's section. Pte. Bob McBrady maintained that evening dress was appropriate for physical exercise at 6.30 a.m., while Pte. O'Loane was firmly convinced that he could obtain sufficient calisthenics washing dishes at the cook-house. Manoeuvres in the open field afforded Pte. Jack O'Connor an opportunity to regain lost sleep, and practice in wood-fighting gave Pte. Feeney the time of his life gathering violets. Corpl. Sullivan always found considerable difficulty in extinguishing his light at 10 p.m., and, along with Corpl. Traynor, furnished most melodious howls toward 2 a.m. Pte. Traynor adhered to his motto, "Do not do more than you have to." He appeared at drill, went through manoeuvres and disappeared.

This account would seem to indicate that St. Michael's men took the work lightly. What did they accomplish in camp? By no means did they remain in the rear. Once in camp, the Company was divided. St. Michael's section was transferred to "A" Company, Wycliffe to "C" and Trinity to "D." This division, however, did not dispel their prowess. In each of these companies an "E" Company man obtained the highest score in shooting, and to Pte. McDonagh is attributed the distinction of carrying off honours in "A" Company. Besides, great credit was reflected upon the Company when for three nights in succession a man from "E" Company was relieved from guard duty on account of his outstanding soldierly appearance. Pte. O'Connor upheld the honour of St. Michael's in this department.

Thirteen days were spent in camp, the latter two being taken up with sham fights, and with inspection by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, and by Major-General Sam. Hughes.

On the sixteenth of May it was a sunburned mass of young men who reluctantly broke up camp and returned to Toronto. For some, this camp was an inducement to proceed into military exploits, for others it was probably the last step in military work; nevertheless, it completed a most successful military year in the University of Toronto.

With a zeal that has never before been displayed in any organization in the University, did the students enter upon the second year of the Officers' Training Corps. The almost unanimous registration in military drill was a manifestation that the students were taking the war seriously to heart and that they were desirous of a state of preparedness if not already decided upon overseas service.

Not by any means least among the faculties of the University, St. Michael's contributed her lot to make the Corps a success, and twice as many students as in the previous year were registered in military drill. The same organization

which had existed in the previous year was maintained. "E" Company was again composed of the students of St. Michael's, Wycliffe and Trinity Colleges, with the able Capt. Kylie, officer in command.

Prospects for a successful year were very promising. Since the Corps had been almost fully equipped during the previous term, and as affairs were managed more systematically, it was with little difficulty and with little loss of time that the students were under khaki.

Early in the term the Company received a great blow in the departure of Capt. Kylie, who, although he had offered his services on several occasions, was at length given the appointment of Adjutant in 147th Grey County Battalion. Capt. Kylie was worthy of such a responsible position, for the rapidity with which he advanced himself in military work and that with which he tutored his Company was remarkable. A little previous to Capt. Kylie's departure the Company was deprived of the services of Lieutenant C. C. Robinson, who had always proved himself to be a very efficient officer. About the same time the Company received another blow in the departure of Colour Sergeant Dixon, who received the appointment of Lieutenant in the 139th Battalion, Cobourg. The Cobourg unit will, no doubt, benefit by the able experience of Mr. Dixon, who has been not only with the C. O. T. C. since its organization, but has seen service in South Africa also.

With such reverses and with the continual enlistment from the Corps, not only depleting the number of men but also taking a large draft of officers, it looked as if the organization of "E" Company would have to be abandoned. However, a ray of hope remained when Lieutenant Brett took charge and re-organized the Company. As St. Michael's College had a majority they formed one-half the Company, while Trinity and Wycliffe formed the other half. At this, "E" Company had only half Company strength, so it was annexed to "B" Company of University College. Sergeant Gillogly of St. Michael's took over the duties of Colour-Sergeant, while Corporal T. B. Traynor was promoted to Sergeant and Lance-Corporal Conlogue to Corporal. With such an efficient staff of non-commissioned officers the opportunities for instruction in St. Michael's platoon looks promising, for not only had Sergeant Traynor extensive experience, but Corporal Conlogue had acted as Major in a Cadet Battalion the previous year.

Out of the Company, twelve members presented themselves for proficiency certificates in order to take out commissions, and it is gratifying to note that nine of these are St. Michael's men.

The year's work in the Corps, although irksome at times, has produced most favourable results. It has developed a marked improvement in the general physique of the students. They have received their preliminary training in military work and have manifested an obedience to those in charge and a willingness to work which could be hoped for in a strictly disciplined unit only. Above other things, the members took keenly to novel movements within the Corps, and it made one feel assured that the Corps could present a formidable offensive against any foe in the manner with which they conducted manoeuvres on their marches to Cedervale.

The accompanying roll of honour consists of the names of those who have heard the call of King and country and have responded willingly to sacrifice their lives for the ideals which the British nation the world over cherishes most dearly.

HONOUR ROLL

Amyot, Dr.	Graham, Paul.	McDonagh, Frank.
Amyot, John.	Gates, John.	McArthur, Donald.
Amyot, Gregoire.	Gates, Al.	McNab, W. J.
Amyot, William.	Gilechrist, William.	McCool, Justin.
Butler, Herbert.	Hinds, D'Arcy.	McCool, Joseph.
Brazil, Rudolph.	Hitchcock, James.	McPhee, A.
Baldwin, Harris.	Hinds, Paul.	McEvenne, St. Clair.
Babbin, Harold	Higgins, Thomas.	McMahon, —.
Cassidy, —	Hughes, Frank.	McIntosh, Roderick.
Crocker, Al.	Healy Michael.	McIntosh, John.
Carr, William.	Jones, Ashton.	McTague, C. P.
Cameron, G.	Keenile, Ed.	Noble, Reginald.
Cowan, Nicholas.	Kelly, M. E.	O'Brien, Wm.
Cheriot, A.	Kelly, P.	O'Sullivan, Dr. P. M.
Christie, Basil.	Kirkwood, —.	O'Connor, Somers.
Carrington, John.	Lee, Ormond.	O'Sullivan, J. J.
Doheny, Clarence.	Lynch, J.	O'Connor, —.
Dickson, Alfred.	Layton, Louis.	Power, B.
Duggan, Michael.	Murphy, Stendale.	Pickett, Rev. M. J.
Douville, Louis.	Murray, Rev. W.	Pitts, Charles.
Day, Arthur.	Miller, H.	Reaume, Stan.
Doyle, —.	Murphy, John.	Ridout, Thos.
Duffey, Frank.	Meehan, —.	Roache, Frank.
Foy, Eddie.	Malone, Stan.	Ryan, Joseph.
Foy, James.	Malone, Basil.	Rainboth, Ernest.
Forrestel, T. F.	Marion, Thomas.	Smith, Charles.
Flanagan, John.	Mead, George.	Sedgewick, Joseph.
French, H.	McBrady, Robert.	Smith, G. A.
Fitzgerald, James.	McLaughlin, Frank.	Shannahan, David.
Foley, Eugene.	McLaughlin, Paul.	Sauve, Art.
Glynn, Bernard.		Thornton, Peter.
Glynn, —.		Wallace, M.
Grey, John.		Watson, Bert.



The War and Character

MUCH has been written about the war—good, bad and indifferent—so that any self-respecting writer must for his own sake walk with wary feet lest he merely reproduce some idea which someone else has expressed better than he could hope to do, or lest he add to the volume of valueless sentiment so common in national crises. As I should humbly like to add something of value worthy of the occasion, I have thought it well to draw out the ideal of a soldier, and in doing so to bring forward some aspects of character which we are unfortunately liable to overlook.

A soldier, then, sums up for us, inadequately it is true, our idea of self-sacrifice. He fights for others whom he knows not, for a land which perhaps is mentally indistinct to him. He takes his most valued possession—his life—and he offers it almost blindly to be used for some end for which, ordinarily speaking, it was never intended. Thus he takes his place in the realms of the heroic and is numbered with the Christ Himself. But self-sacrifice is a foundation on which the ideal soldier erects a superstructure of tremendous worth. He builds into the mansion of his life fidelity, loyalty, truth, honour, discipline. We cannot idealize him without thinking of the natural virtues. And it is in this connection that I desire to speak of the war. We are too liable to estimate character only by the supernatural, whereas the man of the world estimates it almost if not entirely by the degree in which the natural virtues are found in it. In other words, what we consider natural is to the man of the world the product of religion. When we fail in the natural virtues our religion as a system bears the burden. Now this war has brought to the front in an emphatic degree the natural virtues which I have just mentioned. It is true that I have idealized them—but what of that—the lesson still stands, Canadian voices come to us from Ypres, from Festubert, from Givenchy and other glorious fields where Canadian blood has been shed, calling us as a student body, to examine our life's structure in the light of the soldier ideal and in the light of the work-a-day world's working conception of character. We may not, perhaps cannot, go to fight side by side with our brothers—that is a problem which each man must settle in some lonely vigil where his God and his soul stand face to face—but of one thing I am sure, no man, worthy of the name, can let these years pass over him without facing the question of the balance of character in these virtues which are ideally connected with the soldier. We must face facts or remain incompetent fools, and in our folly carry down into contempt our organized religion. Now here is the fact which it is well to emphasize—we under estimate the natural virtues. As a result, we carry out into the national life a difficult character, and we complicate affairs for those of us who have tried to grasp the sum of character. The basis of all things is self-

sacrifice. Character built on pure individualism is in no sense of the word developed—it is smug, selfish, complacent. It is of no use believing in Christianity if we eliminate pagan self-sacrifice. This is the lesson from Vancouver to Halifax. It is dinned into us by marching feet—it is written out for us in the glad flow of Canadian blood. It is of no use believing in Christianity if we have no conception of pagan truth, of pagan loyalty, of pagan honour, of pagan discipline. How these virtues stand out to-day, lurid—but majestically lurid—from the shambles of Belgium, France and the Dardanelles. I may see them—I do see them in idealized form—but what of that? In that idealized light that comes from our garrisons, from our battlefields, from our lonely graves, we must, if we are sincere and sincerity-desiring men, come and boldly see ourselves. We must want to examine our institutions, our scholastic and academic ideals in that light. Are we going to take out into the world the soldierly virtues? Or are we going to take out into the world the characteristics of cadly cowardice? After all, we cannot deal with the world in other than the world's best ideals. For us these ideals have been transfigured by war and transformed by suffering. For us active service in life must in the future be our goal, or we must sink into inadequate citizens, and in our sinking make further material for the best in the world to judge our organized religious system by the worst in ourselves.

W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A.

The following was delivered by Very Rev. Father Carr in March at a recruiting meeting in the College.

A Spirited Address

YOUR parents have sent you here with the fullest confidence that the priests of the College would take over their responsibilities and treat you as if you were their own sons. Up to the present we have considered this to the exclusion of almost everything else. Nor am I now going to say anything that I would not say to my brothers. I am not going to ask you to enlist. You must obtain your parents' consent before you could have my permission.

"We are at war. Our Government has with unprecedented unanimity taken this momentous step. Our duty as Catholic citizens is simple, clear and distinct. We must obey without questioning. We claim that it was of our Church that Christ said He would be with it all days. Our lives should prove this. Catholics should be better men and better citizens than others. Catholic theology teaches submission to the properly constituted authorities. Even though its action should be a matter of debate, which in the present instance it assuredly is not, the presumption is in favour of the Government, and we are bound under pain of sin to co-operate with it. To-day the Government asks for one-half of the men of military fitness.

"As you know, the University authorities are straining every nerve to lead the country with its support. How could we hold up our heads if a finger

could be pointed at St. Michael's? And it is not alone as a college of the University that our honour is at stake; St. Michael's is the only Catholic college in Ontario that stands constantly before the public eye, in a position of comparison with non-Catholic colleges, and as such she is taken as representative of Catholic opinion. In other words, our action now will have in the future considerable influence, influence far beyond what our numbers warrant, in determining the public spirit of Catholics in this war. A solemn duty therefore rests upon us towards our co-religionists all over Canada.

The Secular View.

"Turning to the secular point of view, there is a motive that is not sufficiently emphasized, if indeed it is grasped at all, by very many. That is the singularly unselfish self-sacrifice of Canada. Far be it from me to minimize the wonderful spontaneous co-operation of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. They have consecrated the British Empire with floods of their blood. It is nothing to their discredit to say that comparisons have been made often and always against Canada. These have been always made by our own Canadians to stimulate emulation, but they are unfair, and I cannot bear to see unfair means used even in such a cause. Any of these dominions in Canada's position might do, probably would do, what Canada is doing, and still the fact remains, clear to an elementary knowledge of present-day history, that Canada's position is unique in sacrifice beyond the slightest danger of the charge of self-interest. I know that enthusiastic speakers and writers are often carried away, and endeavour to prove that we are selfish, and fighting for selfish interests. To some it may be foolish to suffer for others without prospect of material betterment for ourselves. I am proud of Canada at this critical moment in her history, when she is winning a glory for herself, a glory of unselfishness, of such a kind as has no precedent in history. Search through the centuries of the past and find if you can a parallel. I am proud that I am a Canadian and am jealous to have some share in Canadian deeds. We have rallied to the aid of a great race. More than three million men in Great Britain and Ireland of their own free will have left their paths in life to walk into the jaws of death. What other people can say the same?

"This is an outline of the thoughts that come to me about the war, my duty as a citizen, as a Catholic, as the head of a Catholic college, and then—pride of country, love of country, patriotism.

Record as Sportsmen.

"I have just put before you your duty, and trust you will not fail. Some of you, for various reasons, will not be able to go. St. Michael's has a proud record behind her, out of all proportion to her numbers, for prowess in the field of sport. It would be a deep humiliation for me were her sons not in their proportion on the field of war. I have said that I was not going to ask you to enlist, nor do I mean to do so. These few words may help you to look at the matter more seriously, and what I ask is, that you may put it in the proper light before your parents. Communicate with them, and see if you cannot agree to win your share of the glory that will shine down the centuries to come from Canada's noble part in this war.

"I may say that seven priests of this house have offered their services, and add in conclusion that it will be the great disappointment of my life if it is not given to me to do my bit on the battlefield."



Social Life at St. Michael's

WE number one hundred and fifty altogether, the student body of St. Michael's, and we constitute an ideal democracy where the doctrine of equal rights is worked out to its most logical results. We come from all over: from the Prairie Provinces and from "Way Down East," from Hudson's Bay or from Texas, to St. Michael's, favoured of the colleges of the land.

Roughly, the students are divided into two groups—the High School and the Arts. The two are independent and are quite separated, except at meal times or in chapel. So first we will survey the lives of those who dwell down in the lower regions—the study-hall and club-room. Then we will deal with the Arts.

To us of the upper heaven the Academies seem to have but one outstanding characteristic, which is an unlimited capacity for work. From six-fifteen in the morning till nine o'clock at night they occupy their time with an energy that to us seems incomprehensible.

Scarcely has Big Ben chimed six-fifteen when clang! clang! clang! down the corridors. What is that sound so suggestive of a cowbell, you ask yourself, as you turn over for a last nap. The answer comes from eighty pairs of lively feet pattering out to the locker-room. The day has begun for the High School. Twenty-five minutes to dress, ten minutes' recreation in the yard, then mass in the chapel, and finally breakfast. At eight o'clock their scholastic day has commenced.

They study from eight till nine. Then with one mad rush (I speak from the standpoint of a Senior) they head for the class-rooms. Their eagerness for work is unimaginable, and they actually appear to devour knowledge. At twelve they issue forth for dinner, apparently not in the slightest daunted by a four-hour battle on the Plains of Troy, or a long trip behind Hannibal or Xenophon.

At one-thirty they proceed to add to an already heavily stocked arsenal of learning by a still further stay in the class-room. When three-thirty comes they lay aside books till five o'clock study.

Now is the time that the awful man-power of the average high school boy comes out. Suddenly there drifts up to my room on the Flat, the blood-curdling sound that comes only from an infuriated human mob. I rush downstairs to a group of my academic friends gathered around the handball alleys. Timmins, in a perfect frenzy of ardour, is administering terrible punishment to the little spheroid to the infinite delight of some of his fellows. Delight, did I say? Why yes! This was the cause of that terrible wave of fury that was wafted up to me at my meditations. The Academic's howl of delight is truly a frightful thing to hear.

The afternoon passes and presently another bell is ringing. I pause before continuing on Plato's idea of a self-respecting husband,—and yes, there again is that low rumble, the tramping of many feet. The High School are going to the study-hall once more. Their intellectual robustness is worthy the mind of a philosopher.

Tea is held at six, at which function we ourselves assist. An occasional peal of silvery merriment from the lower tables tells us that Joe Keegan has

rid himself of another of his inimitable views on the philosophy of life. After tea they repair to the club-room, where checkers, cards, music and singing are in order. The happiest group will be found every evening crowded about Joe McDonald, the genial pianist, and the way the rag-time is torn to shreds by our young friends is tremendous.

Seven-thirty arrives, and they make their last trip to the study-hall. We will not try to imagine what versions of the Odyssey come into being during that last hour and a half. Suffice it to say that at nine o'clock eighty pairs of weary feet tramp gladly up to the locker room. Five minute's pandemonium ensues. Then eighty weary academic students start on the trip to slumberland to forget all about Vergil and Homer and Euclid till the morning.

There are other phases, however, of the high school life at St. Michael's. There is the St. Charles Literary Society, for instance, of which every student is a member. And we must admit that their enterprise along all lines pertaining to entertainment is considerable. We ourselves were favoured this year with a Victrola recital and a moving picture show under their auspices. Both these events were beyond the criticism of even my friend Mr. Brown, of room 6.

And nearly all the High School belong to the Sodality of Our Lady. This is a society which is shared in common by Arts and Academics. All are equally ardent in paying homage to the Queen of Heaven, and asking her aid in every undertaking. And doubtless this faithful devotion to our immaculate Mother has much to do with making St. Michael's high school boys the cheerful, courteous and pious students that we know they are.

The Arts.

Dwelling apart like the gods of old on Olympus; contemplating from our lofty station the world as it surges and seethes beneath; feasting on hockey and languages as the gods on honey and nectar, you'll find us the Arts.

We are separated into two flats, the Jews and the Philosophers. Above on the Jews' flat dwell the freshmen of perpetual notoriety. Thanks, however, to the kind but firm guiding hands of Mr. McTogue and Father Murray, they are kept within bounds. Down on the Philosophers' flat the sophomores, juniors and seniors live in harmony and contentment.

Of course the four years are fairly well knitted into a whole, and meet regularly on the Philosophers' flat to exchange views on things in general. But the Jews' flat deserves a few words first on account of the denizens found thereon.

The freshman is a type found only in colleges; his counterpart exists nowhere else in the world. A man can be a freshman but once, and that only for one year, but while he is in that inglorious state, "Fresh" does not attempt to describe him. He feels that his bosom is starting forth from his vest; and his head is at least three times its rightful proportions. His contempt for those both above and below him is extreme and his self-satisfaction is immeasurable. Sarcasm, scorn, and ignominy fall to his lot, but you can neither repulse nor abash him. We were all freshmen once, and in fact we all must be to attain the poise and repose of manner of the fourth year man. It is a process of evolution, from darkness into enlightenment. Strange to say, we ever afterwards look at things in the opposite way to the viewpoint of the freshman. However, these, together with some of the senior high school students, are the inhabitants of the Jews' flat.



CABINET OF STUDENTS' PARLIAMENT.

Seated: W. J. Hattrick, Leader of Opposition; Thomas Gallivan, Premier; E. E. Bunyan, Secretary of State.

The Philosophers' Flat.

Here is Eden in miniature. It is a tradition that this is the flat for study and application. The tradition is not a false one. O Barker! O Murphy! I see your heads as you peruse the scholastic view of the Universals. That little frown; that slight pucker of the lips! This is study, intensive and persistent, characteristic of the Philosophers' flat alone.

Imagine the hour to be eight-fifteen in the morning. I have just finished the perusal of the morning paper, that is whatever pages have not been purloined when I was not looking. A violent commotion in the next room, suggestive of hands at throats and death rattles, induces me to investigate. My worst suspicions are not belied. I find John Corrigan in a death grip with Mr. O'Shea of second year. Supine on a comforter in a clothes closet is Mr. Joseph McCann, blissfully ignorant of the uproar going on around him. While Smith, purple in the face from various emotions, has been interrupted, to his intense disgust, as he was about to explain the Cartesian theory of knowledge to Messrs. Collins and Gillogly. The disorder that evidently reigns in the room, however, can be but dimly seen through a haze of smoke, the results of Mr. Smith's pipe and the exhalations of several casual visitors already departed.

Suddenly a cry reaches me from the corridor—the flat slogan. It is duplicated this time at closer range from the throat of Mr. Gallivan, of fourth. "Hey George! Give us a match." The personage so addressed, Mr. George Keenan of the Faculty of Education, proceeds to leisurely extricate the desired article from an inner pocket. Bravely done, George! I like the way you hand him that single match. Full often have I heard that same demand and have seen an unthinking smoker surrender an open match box to the one asking a match. Later, when the proprietor goes to get a pocketful of matches, he finds the box rifled and only two or three matches remaining, as an act of etiquette of course on the part of the borrower.

The eight o'clock study glides by without any other outbreak worth mentioning. Next door the noise has subsided. On the other side of me a voice breaking forth occasionally into "Mother Macree" tells me that Hattrick is up and doing. Study bells rings and lectures begin for the day.

Our lectures are of forty minutes' duration and scattered over the day. We are, however, not troubled with too many lectures in one day, three or four at most, so that the social life is very much in evidence. About ten-thirty I stroll across the flat and find that Vic. Traynor has decided to take a sieste before dinner and has locked his room-mate out till he wakes. A faint thrum, thrum far down the corridor informs me that "Bunny" Harris is discoursing rags on his mandolin to McIntosh and Malloy, his room-mates. I return to my room, since everyone is occupied, having first helped myself to Flannery's tobacco in his absence and to a magazine found hidden in McBride's private drawer. I then proceed to exercise my mind till noon with a hair-raising tale of Western life, in three parts.

Generally in the afternoons there is something going on in the way of a hockey game or a Rugby game. In the autumn the flat is practically deserted. Yet not quite. A fragrant odour reaches my well trained nostrils. What is that I know so well and have loved so long? Why, toast, of course! A hasty glance over Morrissey's transom reveals Messrs. McDougall, Knowles and Shannon gathered around the host, who is helping them to a supply of cocoa and buttered toast with jam. The hungry gleam in my eye is reflected in the faces of Anderson and Quinn, who have arrived on the scene of action. On second



thought, however, we decide not to raid the feasters, or reprisals might follow. So I again return to my room, having first called on Tobias Forestell and commandeered his razor-strop till further notice.

After tea the real social life on the flat begins. The members of the upper regions pour down in hordes and disperse to their different haunts on the flat. Joe Shannon and John Keough will be found entertaining some dozen friends with an exciting game of checkers. In another room, O'Shaughnessy is discovered narrating to the awe-struck Kelly and Mailloux the peculiar advantages of Hamilton as a place for moral, mental and physical culture. In this effort he is ably seconded by Art O'Brien, Tommy of the same name, and Leo McBride, patron of all Hamiltonians.

Smoke issues from every open door in clouds. I just catch a passing glimpse of Emmet Bunyan pulling on a very long stemmed pipe and giving instructions to the Jennings Cup men between puffs. Then I resort to my own den. Presently the piano begins to tinkle and fifteen or twenty voices can be heard demanding that they be put to sleep with an old-fashioned melody and wakened up with a rag.

The piano on the flat has been a most pleasing novelty this year. For three months the boys gathered around it every night for a few choruses, and all the latest songs could be heard for the asking. The piano itself was in a class by itself. At first the tone was round and full and it could be heard all over the halls and even downstairs. But wearied no doubt by the constant use it received, the tone dwindled to a melancholy tinkle; and it took three men to manipulate the instrument toward the end, two to pull the keys up after they were pressed, the third to play it. So we decided to our keen regret that we would have to say goodbye to the old music-box.

Besides these activities of the social body, we have the students' parliament. This is a feature of the college life dating back for many years. Here the budding wizards of statecraft air their views before a credulous and admiring audience. They tear to pieces the evils of the day or the errors of society or state. Words are sometimes passed and heated arguments ensue between different members, in which personal invective is not altogether absent. All this is, of course, excellent training in the art of rhetoric, and many take advantage of it.

As mentioned before, the Sodality is shared in by both Arts and High School. The members faithfully rise and are in chapel at six-twenty-five on Saturday mornings. But we find that our trust is not belied. In the hour of trial a sure friend awaits us on the throne of the Queen of Heaven.

There are several more features I would like to mention if space permitted. One of these is the bells. They wake you up just as you have apparently dropped to sleep. They clang and jangle and whine till your nerves are on end. Before the evening has properly begun the bells go off with a crash—that's bed-time. They represent the spirit of spitefulness and contrariety. But no benefit is derived from gainsaying them. Five minutes' delay after the bell rings and a prefect complains, or a waiter growls; mayhap a professor frowns. So you have to quietly suppress your wrath and do as the bells tell you.

Some hot afternoon in the middle of August, when the long holiday is beginning to grow wearisome, you hear a bell tinkle somewhere. Perhaps memories come crowding upon you then, and you recollect those days months ago when the bells played havoc with your nervous system. No doubt then you admit that the sound of the bells carries along with it recollections of the spirit of goodfellowship and genuine friendship that reigns back on the Philosophers' flat throught the long months of winter.



ST. MICHAEL'S DEBATERS.

Top: J. J. O'Connor, W. Ryan. Bottom: A. V. Traynor, J. McCarthy, J. McDonough.

St. Michael's Debaters

THE art of Demosthenes has ever had a prominent place in the curriculum of student activities at St. Michael's, and the year 1915-16 has been no exception to the rule. Neither was there a dearth of debaters among the students, as was amply demonstrated many a time and oft in the heated debates at the different parliamentary sessions in the club-room.

Despite the fact that the College standard bearers in the I. C. D. U. this year were veterans, who had carried her name gloriously into the finals in the last two years, namely, the redoubtable Joseph McDonough and his partner, A. V. Traynor, yet the fickle goddess of fortune failed to smile upon us, and the victory went to Trinity College in the first debate, and thus early in the year we were out of the running for the coveted shield.

There is not much doubt that several latent orators would have sprung into the limelight had St. Michael's managed to get into the semi-finals, for in December two new men, O'Connor and Ryan, were uncovered when first year defeated the doughty sophomores in the annual inter-year debate. Both are eloquent and forceful speakers, and ready debaters, who without doubt in the years to come throughout their course at St. Michael's will earn fresh laurels for themselves and their Alma Mater.

A word here as regards Mr. Joseph McCarthy would be well in place, for to him no doubt much credit is due for St. Michael's success in the field of debating during the last four years of his course. This young man sprang into prominence in his first year, being a member of the winning freshmen team in the inter-year debate; in his second year he represented the College in the I. C. D. U., winning added honours. His efforts were crown'd in his junior year by the election to the presidency of the union, an honour richly deserved. In his graduation this year the Art at St. Michael's suffers a distinct loss, and the I. C. D. U. executive an able member.

In the coming years St. Michael's student body will have a tradition to live up to in this field of endeavour, as well as in many others; let us wish for them no less success than the past years have seen.



SANCTUARY CHOIR.
Rev. Father Pageau, Leader. Professor Morell, Organist.

The Sanctuary Choir and the Altar Clerks 1915-1916

THERE is one line of Catholic college activities to which the student body of St. Michael's College have always most cheerfully subscribed, and that is the work of love and devotion practised by the members of the Sanctuary Choir and the Altar Clerks. For ten months in the year, for the past sixty-five years, the Sunday and Holy Day Mass and Vesper services of St. Basil's Church have been enhanced by the artistically rendered Gregorian Plain Chant of the College Sanctuary Choir. During all this time the congregation has been edified, and the students have covered themselves with glory and derived satisfactory pleasure and such benefit as comes from every effort spent for God and religion.

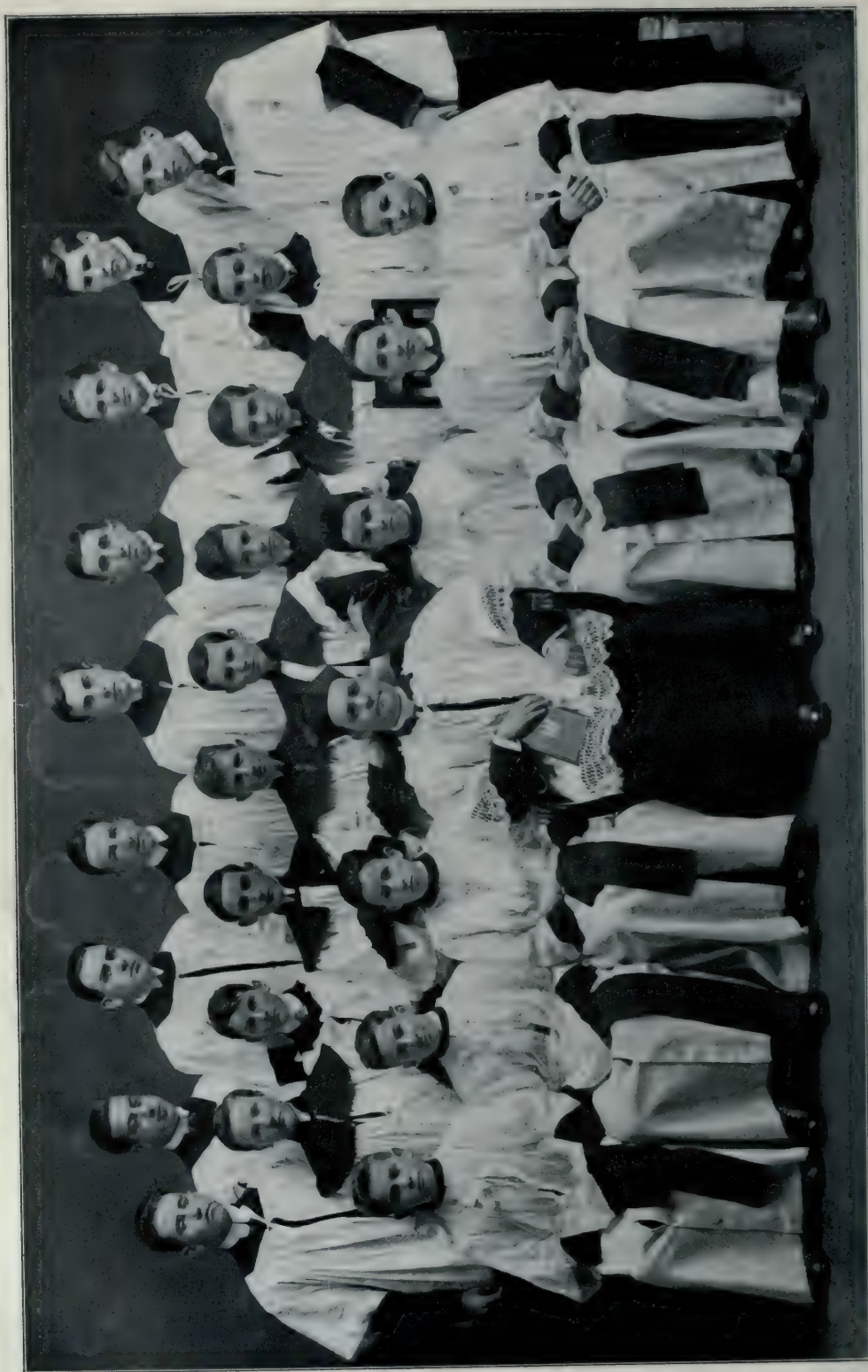
During the past year it has not been without extra difficulty that the traditions of yesteryears were upheld; but they were upheld, and it can truly be said that the Choir of 1915-1916 has "kept the faith." Nothing startlingly novel was introduced into the services: special attention was given to a strict adherence and truly Catholic obedience to the rules of Plain Chant.

At the Altar, the ceremonies were carried out with the accustomed dignity and decorum, and whether at the Sunday services, in the church or at the daily Mass in the College chapel, acolytes and servers alike maintained, by pious and graceful ceremonial, the impressiveness of the usual cathedral services so much appreciated by the parishioners, the staff and the students.

The Parish Choir has been re-organized during the year and made into one of mixed voices, and on several occasions we were treated to renditions of musical masses which compared very favourably with the magnificent artistry of those men and women who were wont to grace the services of St. Basil's in the good old days. This has been accomplished through the untiring zeal of our new organist, Professor D'Avignon Morel, to whom is due much praise for the success which he has achieved in gallery and sanctuary.

Professor Morel is an enthusiastic musician, and full of resourcefulness, coupled with a versatility extraordinary, as witnessed by his acknowledged success in pianoforte and private vocal classes, choir and glee club and the College orchestra.

The general supervision of the Sanctuary was again in charge of Rev. J. E. Pageau, who gave unsparingly of his time and directing ability to the various musical and ceremonial classes which were held weekly during the year.



SANCTUARY CLERKS.
Rev. Father Pageau, Director.



SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Executive.

Standing: John Gallagher, Leo McBride, W. J. Hatrick, Chas. Kelly, Victor Traynor.
 Seated: E. E. Bunyon, Prefect; Rev. M. J. Ryan, Spiritual Director;
 T. J. Gallivan, Secretary.

Academic Course

ALTHOUGH the Academic Course has somewhat decreased in importance since the advent of the Arts Course into St. Michael's College, nevertheless we must not forget that it still occupies a leading place as of yore, when it was the chief course of study in the College.

Since the High School is a preparation for the higher University course, it must needs be of the best. The course in St. Michael's, both as regards teachers and pupils, is of the highest standard.

Up to the present year the course extended over a period of four years. Now, however, a student may matriculate in three years. The enrollment for the present year is one hundred and fourteen students, from all parts of the Dominion, and some even from foreign parts. Fifty-four of these are in the matriculation class.

The Academic students play a great part in all College activities. Many of our stars in hockey, Rugby and handball being drawn from their ranks. They constitute the Sanctuary Choir almost entirely. In the St. Charles Literary Society they have shown their debating and oratorical abilities to be of the highest. Many of our most promising musicians are to be found amongst them. As regards their various amusements in recreation, they are centered about their principal haunt, the candy-pond.

In conclusion, we can only prophecy a brilliant and successful future for one and all in the various paths of life.



THE ACADEMICS.



GRADUATING COMMERCIAL.

The Commercial

IN olden days at St. Michael's the Commercial Class was always one of the most important—both on account of its size and its intimate connection with all the activities of the College. Of late it has been partially eclipsed by the ascendancy of the Arts classes, due to the active participation of privileges of St. Michael's as a federated College of the University of Toronto. But nevertheless the Commercial Class has always had its share in whatever concerned the students of the College, as the inimitable Joseph Timmins will make you aware of, if you but question him concerning the class' activities.

Most of the boys this year come from Quebec and from Cuba. The class has thus assumed a bi-lingualistic appearance—where the subtleties and beauties of the language of Shakespeare are mastered.



St. Charles' Literary Society

Officers.

President—Rev. W. Murray, C.S.B.

Class Representatives—Third Academic: J. Travers, M. Jones. Second Academic: R. Lowrey, J. Ryan. First Academic: H. Barry, V. Harris.

THIS Society is one which means a great deal to the students of St. Michael's College School—to the boys of the High School, the Commercial Course, and the Preparatory School. It has for them a real educational value. The power of expression in writing and in speech is developed, the art of entertaining is more or less perfected, a great self-confidence is acquired, the student becomes more conscious that the knowledge he has received from text-book and class-work can be converted into terms of personal influence and power. All these benefits accrue from the work of the Literary Society; but the boy himself does not reflect much upon this. It is well that he does not. Were he to do so, it would serve, perhaps, only to cool his boyish enthusiasm. Enjoyment would become labour. It is well that he enters the literary meeting to enjoy himself and to help others to enjoy themselves. He seeks there relief and refreshment after long hours of class and study, and it goes without saying that he finds it.

Such has been the spirit of the meetings during the present year, and as a result they have been successful. That they were highly enjoyable is borne out by the fact that students have come as much as six miles to be present. In fact the Society is very much indebted to the day-scholars for their share in the programmes.

The Society can boast of a considerable number of talented musicians. We have had many selections—piano and violin solos, piano duets, vocal solos, and choruses, interspersed between the essays, readings, and recitations. There have been few speeches up to the time of writing, but a lively debate between the Second and Third Academic Classes is promised for the next meeting, to be followed, it is planned, by a challenge to other High Schools of the city.

The last meeting saw a new departure which promises well. Each class has started a newspaper or chronicle. At this meeting each of the High School classes published its first issue. Topics of interest, within and without College, were written up and read in a most entertaining way. Many of the pages sparkled with original wit and humour. All the members of the classes seem to be contributing their "bit" with an interest and willingness which is an earnest of real and lasting success.

The class editors are:—

Third Academic—John Travers, Murray Jones, Edward Gallagher, Edward Campeau, Wilfrid Lynch.

Second Academic—Robert Lowrey, John Ryan, John O'Neil, Gordon Thompson, Edwin Rush.

First Academic—Herbert Barry, Frank Donnelly, Joseph Carr, John Harrison, Russell Malloy.



EXECUTIVE, ST. CHARLES LITERARY SOCIETY.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

High Jinks	The Exams.
A Dream	Early closing for the Academics.
Sweet Cider Time	Prohibition.
"Dancing Around"	H. Payette.
"How Ireland Got Its Name"	J. Timmins.
"Last Night Was the End of the World"	The Angora.
"You'd Never Know That Old Home Town of Mine"	McDougall.
"I Heard Them Calling Me"	Bunny Harris.
"The Minstrel Boy"	Leo McBride.
" 'Way Back Home"	Geo. Nunan.
"I'll Get You Yet"	The Chef.
"Rose, Rose, Rose"	Rosy O'Grady.
"When the Roll is Called I'll be There"	Jimmy Ryan.
"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own"	Papa Joffre.
"Sing Sing"	Sam Wo.
"The Only Way"	Work During the Year.
"It's Nice to Get Up 'i the Mornin' "	The Rink Rats.
"I'm Simply Crazy About You"	Once Every Two Weeks.
"If I Should Ever Get to Heaven"	The Editor.
"Watch Your Step"	C. O. T. C.
"The Anvil Chorus"	The Examiners.
"The Old Green River"	The Don.
"Chin Chin"	W. O'Shaughnessey.
"The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along"	Prof. Kennedy.
"Talk! Talk! Talk!"	Mike Sheehy.
"Girls! Girls! Girls!"	W. Hand.
"Nobody Loves a Fat Man"	Bones Anderson.



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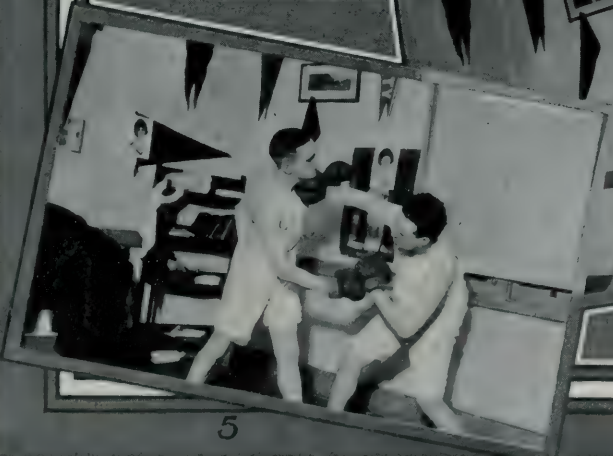
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Athletics

ATHLETICS flourished as ever around St. Michael's in 1915-16. Although past years had set a record in all lines of sport that seemed almost unapproachable, yet this year's successes compare favourably with any. Two cups were won—the Brotherton, for the University Harriers' Race, and the Handball Cup. In hockey the teams went into the semi-finals.

Under the presidency of the genial Father Pickett, the Athletic Executive was unusually active, and kept sport alive throughout the year. The Rugby team got away to an early start and but for the fact that it was composed of entirely new material and had many unfortunate accidents to players, made a very creditable showing.

Early in the fall the runners at the College were taken in hand and trained faithfully for the inter-faculty events and the University Harriers' Race. In the former, although their efforts were not rewarded by any great success, they managed to win some points from a large field of entries. In the Harriers' Race they wrested the Brotherton Cup from the Trinity College team, that had held it for many years.

Acquiescing to the ruling of the University Athletic Executive, St. Michael's remained out of the O. H. A. for the year. The University Executive having so ruled in regard to all undergraduate athletic activities during the period of the war. It was generally considered around the College that St. Michael's had the material for a grand little O. H. A. junior team, and so there was a little disappointment when they did not have a chance to show their wares in the big hockey league. But teams were entered in the Jennings Cup series, and after some strenuous contests were only defeated in the finals.

The early closing of the spring term put baseball out of the question for the Arts men, for by the time the snow was leaving the ground the midnight oil was being profusely burned in the midst of the grueling exams.

On the whole in coincidence with successful year in others lines, Athletics had their innings in 1915-16.

The Wearers of the "M"



Football

W. L. Murray	A. Brown
M. Gonter	S. Nicholson
W. M. Gonter	A. Lellis
H. S. Bellisle	J. O'Flaherty
J. Sheridan	A. Malone
P. Costello	B. Doyle
J. Canfield	E. Broderick
J. O'Connor	V. Killen
T. M. Mulligan	H. Beck
L. Gorman	K. Corkery
S. Reaume	P. Maloney
C. E. Coughlin	M. Nealon
P. Quinn	C. McTague
B. J. Holland	D. Donovan
E. J. McCorkell	A. Hogan
C. McNeil	W. Harris
H. Andrews	L. Troy
J. McReavy	F. Hickey
H. Wilkin	M. Brick
G. Lareau	J. Creamer
N. McCormick	K. Kraus
F. Roach	T. Forrestal
J. Ryan	H. Colgan
Thos. Kelly	C. Feeney
J. B. Collins	

Hockey

P. Spratt	G. Servais
J. Spratt	C. Sullivan
G. J. Kirby	C. O'Neil
H. Bellisle	W. Hamilton
L. Gorman	E. Bunyan
G. J. Culliton	F. Doyle

Handball

D. J. O'Connor	G. J. Kirby
M. Gonter	G. Fitzpatrick
H. Bellisle	J. E. Tansey
H. Gonter	L. Woods
C. E. Coughlin	J. McDonagh
V. C. Quarry	

Track

M. S. O'Brien	Louis Markle
F. A. McKenna	T. Forrestal
J. B. Morrissey	



REV. M. J. PICKETT, C.S.B.

President Athletic Executive.

Father Pickett has received an appointment as Chaplain in the Imperial Army and leaves shortly for England.



Athletic Executive.

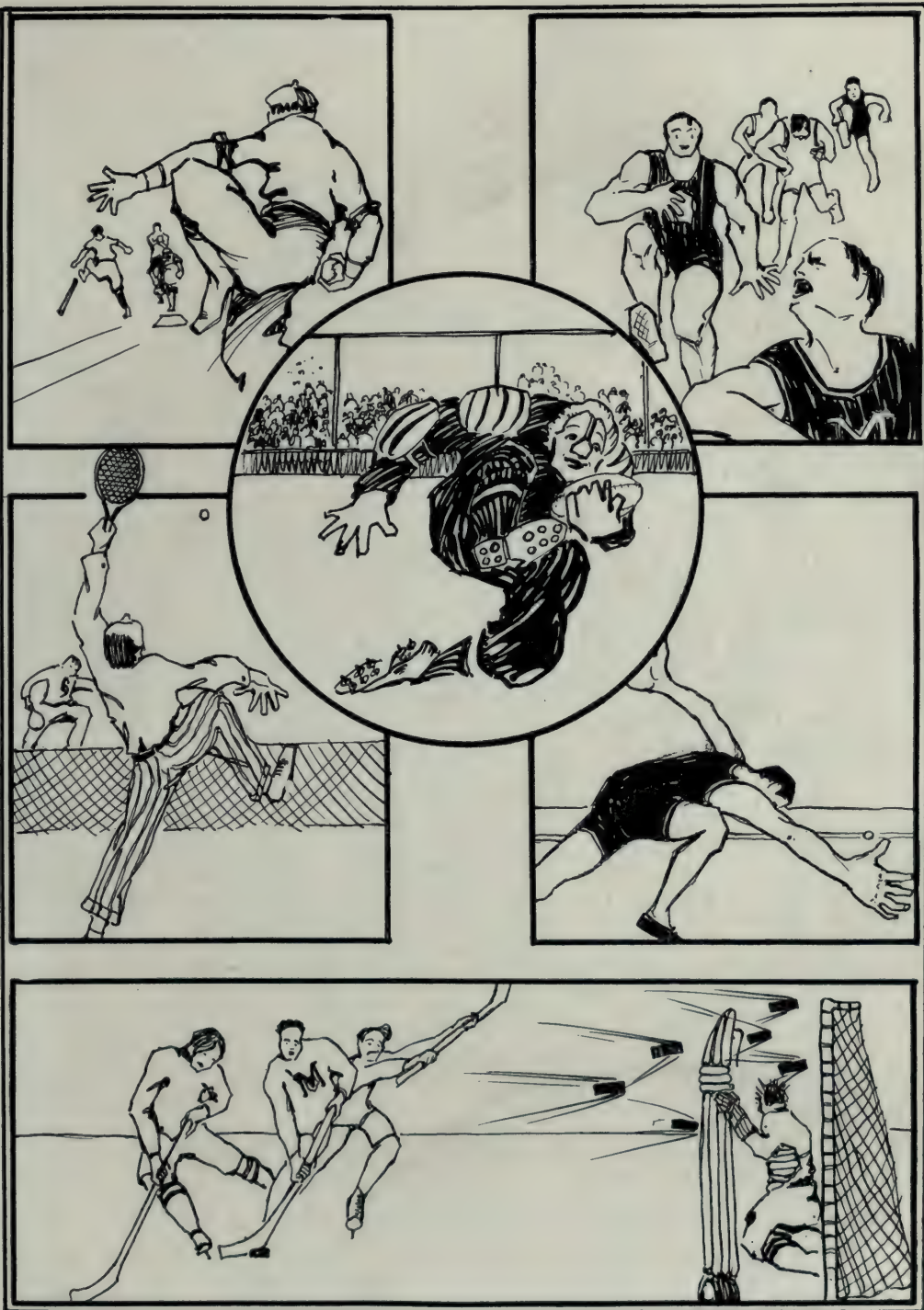
Rev. Father Pickett, C.S.B.

Chas. McTague

Tom Gallivan

Bill. Hatrick

E. E. Bunyan



Rugby

WHEN the fall term opened at St. Michael's in 1915 it was found, to the sorrow of all concerned, that the magnificent Rugby machine that had been built so laboriously and well in the last four years, and whose series of annual successes had been capped by the winnings of the Dominion Championship last year, had been wrecked—rather should one say almost annihilated, for at the beginning it looked as if not a single member of the team would be back to College—but spirits went up when Bunny Harris, the star since 1911, a few days after opening of lectures, put in his rotund appearance.

With the characteristic "never say die," the Athletic Executive began to take steps to mould from the raw bunch something that might resemble a team. The fellows themselves caught the spirit that lurks around the place, and were into the fray. But here again a problem presented itself—who would coach? Father Carr, the maker of champion Rugby teams, had been elevated to the presidency of the College, an office whose manifold duties forced him to give over the active coaching to someone else, though his interest in the team and game never flagged. But here at least the 1915 team was fortunate, for into the reverend coach's shoes stepped Charlie McTague, and Mac was there from the start.

Things soon began to stir on the back campus—two days and Doctor Foley's bandages and plasters were being exhibited. But little knocks stopped no one, and by the time the first game came round there was at least a team ready.

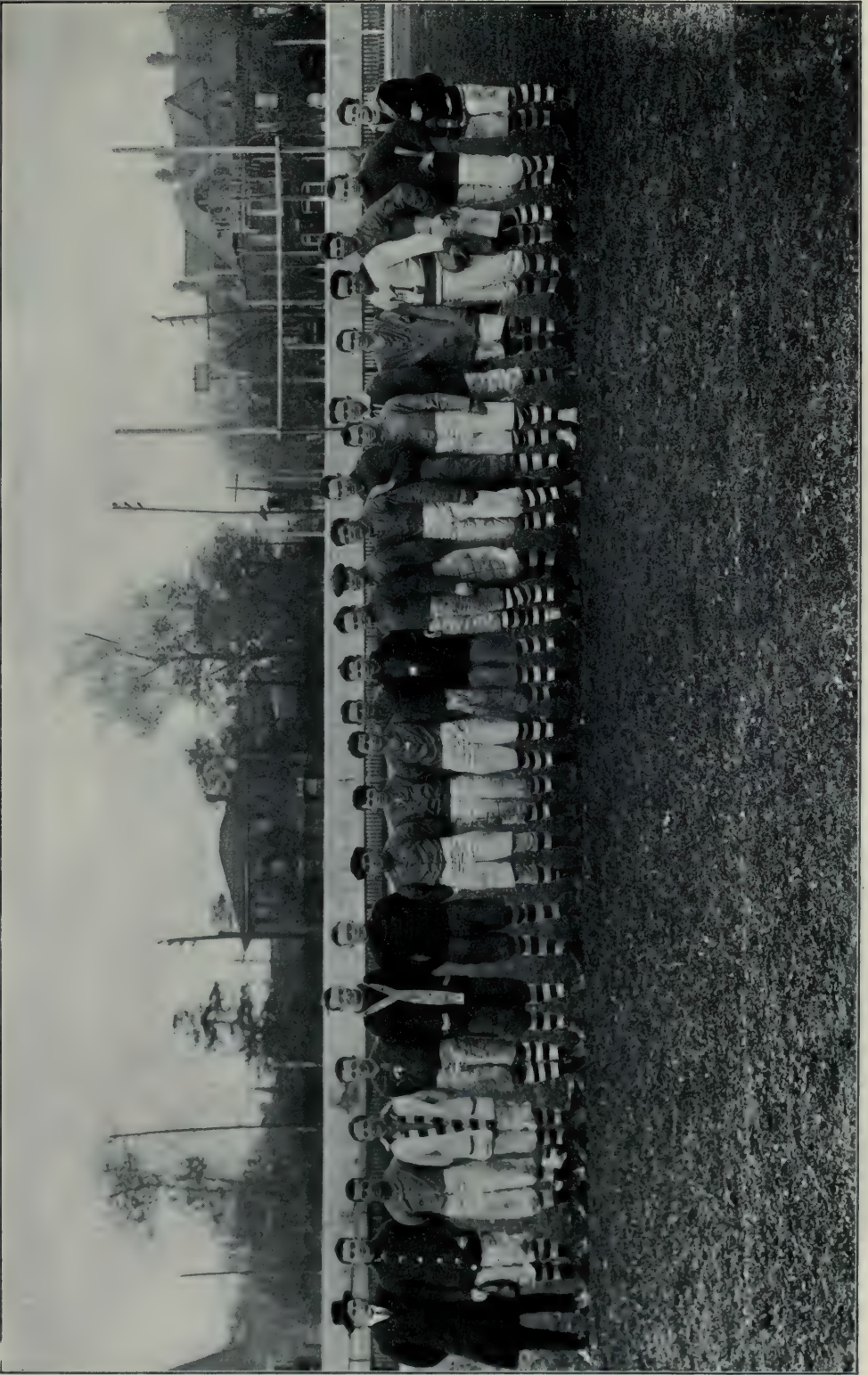
St. Michael's vs. Senior School.

When Captain Harris led his team on the field October 8, anybody with half an eye could see that the School had our light squad away outweighed. Besides, a glance over their players showed a number who had played with the Varsity Senior last year.

However, Mac sicked his boys on the big School line and things were interesting. Art O'Brien and Feeney, who had been showing up in practice, proved their worth under fire. Both are strong and fast, and broke the heavy School line for gains time and again. Vic Traynor, who kicked for the Seconds last year out-punched the School centre half, but the ball was run back after School's halves being good, in fact they were the strength of the team. Frank Doyle caught and ran well for St. Michael's. The game ended in a shut-out for us, 12—0.

St. Jerome vs. St. Michael's.

Some time intervened before the second game on the schedule, and so when St. Jerome's College, Berlin, sent down a challenge for the boys to come up and play, it was eagerly accepted. The team went up on the morning of November



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM, Bunny Harris, Capt.

6, received a warm welcome at St. Jerome's and spent the earlier part of the day "doing the town."

The Berliners were a strong, fast team, but St. Michael's were out to win and nothing could stop them. It was afterwards said that they played their best game of the season that day. Everybody had a day on, even Fat Gallagher.

Traynor, Doyle and Nunan were the outstanding stars, George ran all over the field, breaking away at will.

On the beginning of the game St. Jerome bucked considerably for gains, but went to pieces in the last quarter and St. Michael's piled up the points. The game ended for the rustlers.

Senior Meds. vs. St. Michaels'.

Monday, November 8, the team trotted out for their second scheduled game. Once more they were handicapped by weight. Meds. were a big husky team, and had some speed in their back field too.

The game was close all the way through, and it wasn't till near the last that Meds. got their commanding lead. A marked improvement in bucking was shown by St. Michael's. Big John Collins mowed through the opposing line for gains time and again, and in the second quarter carried the ball over for a touch. Traynor kicked the other two points. Captain Harris was absent, and he was missed, for his timely gains and steady line holding together with his experience was a big factor in the team's success at Berlin on the Saturday before. Meds. won, 17—7.

St. Michael's vs. Senior School.

On November 15 the team journeyed to the Varsity Stadium to replay the Senior School. The Athletic Executive had thrown out the former game on account of the inelligibility of Smithson, the speedy back line player of the School.

St. Michael's were a different team altogether and started off with a rush, giving the rest of the students from Clover Hill a chance to yell, and they did. Traynor punted grand, and Hattrick and Doyle tore off some spectacular runs. Bill was away for a touch once when the whistle brought him back, on what looked (at least to us, the rooters) a questionable decision.

But the line was the feature. Montague, who had learned his football in a week, graduating from Johnny Ryan's thirds, made everybody sit up and take notice. He ran through three or four times for sixty-yard gains, and both Collins and Capt. Harris broke the School line-up at will. St. Michael's won easily, 17—13.

St. Michael's vs. Senior Meds.

On November 22 we clashed with Meds. once again. Sickness and slowness in recovery from injuries in the last game forced St. Michael's to bring out a rather crippled team. Nunan, the star half-line player, was disqualified, and, to make matters worse, Bill Hattrick was put out on the first tackle, his ankle being sprained.

However, the game was close and some clever Rugby was shown. Jack Collins was there with his line plunging and smashed the Meds.' line time and again. The outstanding star of the game was a Med. player—Dales, of the half-line; he is a clever, heady football player. The game ended 13—6 for the Doctors. And so ended St. Michael's chances for football fame in 1915.

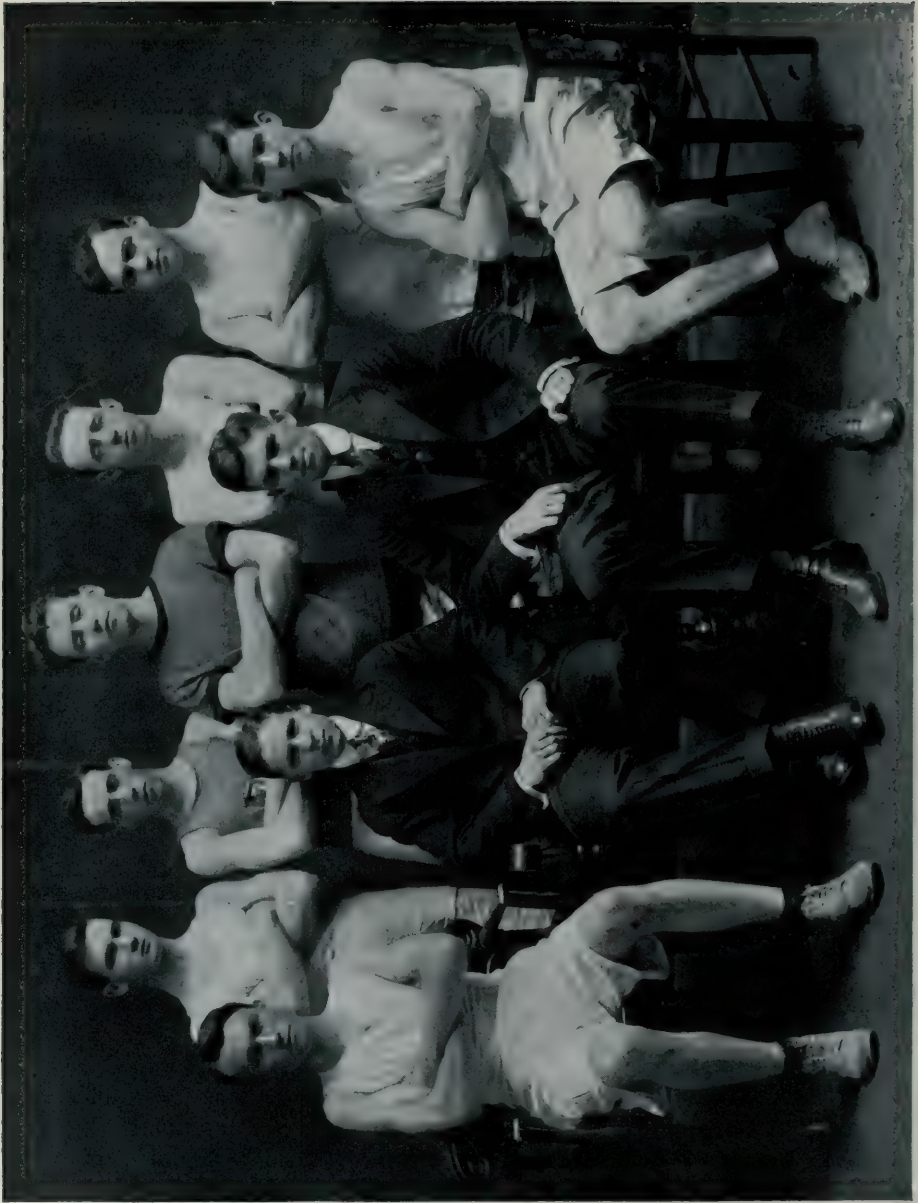
The Second Rugby Team

By Salt and Pepper.

WITHOUT "second" teams it would be well-nigh impossible to develop first teams of any calibre—that is, they are necessary to train the young players for future years. Last year's seconds were particularly strong, and several of the members were used to good advantage as subs for the Mulock Cup team.

Owing to the good management of Ab. Brown, the Argonaut veteran, the Seconds developed some good plays and often succeeded in holding the Firsts to close scores, while by way of light lunches and recreation they partook of the Third team occasionally. These games between the Seconds and Thirds were filled with excitement, speed, punches, and nose-bleeds aplenty, while several feuds of long standing were renewed. Among the latter may be mentioned the blood-curdling encounters between Ab. Brown and Mr. Ryan, our Rec. master. When these men were boys together they were good friends, but friendship has ceased, and Brown would sooner trample on Mr. Ryan's face now than eat mint juleps at ninety-two in the shade. In addition to these divergences, Mike Sheehy, Rusty Gordon and Jim Fallon found time to poke Trembley, Kehoe, O'Reilley, et al, on several occasions. The last named had a nice suit, which deserves mention here. O'Grady, he of the bun-slingers, was also implicated in the third team, and declares that the seconds used him terribly rough.

The Seconds also journeyed to Hamilton, where they played the Hamilton Collegiate, Liz. Sullivan, Capt. The team stayed at Hanrahan's Hotel, where Scotty McIntosh, by clever smiling at the waitress, secured six pieces of pie. The game was played on the grounds of the Hamilton Asylum. One of the warders found Ned Gallagher wandering aimlessly about before the game, and it took the good services of Gallivan and Bunyan to beg him off. The field was slippery, but although our team was the lightest, they won by their speed. The way Skin Brown and Lowery cavorted down that field was a shame, while Mike Sheehy simply nailed everything in sight. The boys returned home, well pleased with their trip, and with the scalps of the Ambitious City dangling from their belts.



ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.

The Harriers

LAST year St. Michael's was represented for the first time by a team in the U. of I.'s cross-country run. The Brotherton Cup, emblematic of the championship, is given to the College or Faculty whose team of four makes the best showing.

The members of last year's team did really very little training, for they had but a short time to get into shape. However, this year the boys got out earlier, and the showing of the previous year spurred them on to greater efforts.

The course is over six miles of the roughest and most hilly regions of north-east Toronto. The start and finish is made at the Rosedale athletic grounds. This year the day was fine, though cool, but a rain the night before had made the roads very slippery. Add to this the roughness of the roads and one well may imagine that the course was a strenuous one.

From St. Michael's the following runners faced the starter: T. Forrestal, F. McKenna, L. Markle, B. Morrissey, V. Giloogly and N. Anderson. Forrestal and Markle were known to have done considerable running, but the rest of the field were dark horses.

The boys started on their way, each with his own plan of running the race. Forrestal and McKenna glued to the leaders right from the start, and at the five mile mark McKenna was shadowing the ultimate winner, Kennedy, of Trinity. Shortly afterwards he sprained an ankle, but gamely hung on, and finished a good second. His time was 36.07, or about twenty seconds behind the winner. Forrestal finished third, Markle ninth, Morrissey tenth, Giloogly eleventh, and Anderson thirteenth. Great excitement prevailed at the finish, when, after Markle had finished, St. Michael's and Trinity were seen to be tied for first place. However, Bert Morrissey came galloping home a few seconds afterwards, and the silverware was lifted from its long-time abode at Trinity and stored away with other trophies of the chase at St. Michael's.

A good start has been made, and it is sincerely hoped that a good number will get into shape early next fall, in order to keep the Brotherton Cup at St. Michael's.



HANDBALL TEAMS.

John Fahey, Mgr.

Standing: Alf. Lawless, Louis Markle, Hugh Ellard, Louis Woods, Joe. Dillon.

Seated: Joe McDonough, John Ryan.

The Handball Teams

A Team—Ryan (Capt.), Ellard, McTague, Lawless and O'Loane.

B Team—McDonagh (Capt.), Woods, Dillon, Markle.

THOUGH the Handball Cup still reposes safely in the College this year, the strong opposition put forth by Victoria more than once made its remaining a matter of doubt. The percentage of games won does not indicate the closeness of the play. On both teams new men were played, who proved equal to the best of former years.

The season opened at Victoria, with B team as visitors. Dillon, a dead-shot from Texas, was playing longs, and Markle, of last year's spares, played second. Vic. started to play a long-range game, but Dillon effectively took care of everything and no scores resulted. When St. Michael's came in they soon developed good cross-alley play—a style which their opponents could not fathom, and before long the score was 20—2. Vic. came in and ran seven, but were never dangerous. The game finished 21—9.

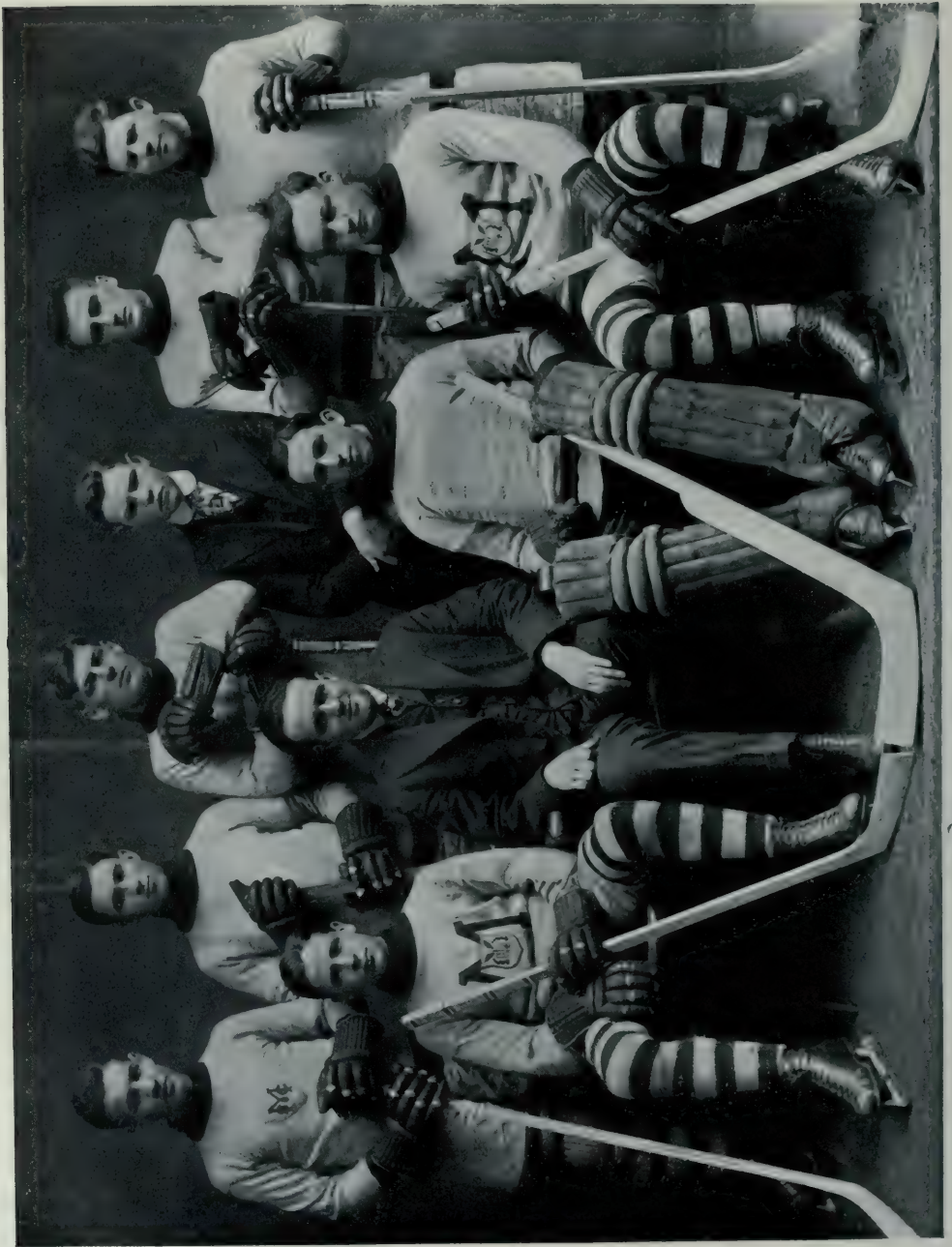
St. Michael's came home with an advantage and added confidence. Things looked dangerous once or twice, but the fast work of Louie Woods in the left corner saved the day. Dillon's ability to "kill" the ball did the rest. By this game, B series was won.

A series commenced the following day upon St. Michael's alleys. The veteran McTague played right, Ellard, former star of De la Salle, centre, and Lawless, a left-hander of remarkable promise, the south-paw side. The team played their corners well and wisely, left most of the work to Ellard, who was absolutely steady and sure. This fact, coupled with hard serving, was responsible for Victoria's downfall.

The conditions were completely changed at Victoria, with four men a side and an Irish standard ball. Captain Ryan took his place at right and O'Loane replaced McTague. Our boys were evidently unused to the wide alley and Vic. soon obtained a lead. Time after time the home team made scores in the wide hole left by second and left when the long man moved back. Victoria played remarkably well and only toward the end were St. Michael's College able to score. The steady playing of O'Loane was a feature—he seldom missed a ball. Vic. rejoiced much over their solitary win.

The final was played on St. Michael's alley, with the original home team entertaining. The game was almost a duplication of the first one in this series, with the exception that McTague played the star game. The score was 20—11. Thus the cup remains in its accustomed place to encourage future talent. Some of this latter was brought out in the handball league formed amongst the University years. Its career was short-lived, owing to intervention of the cup games. When the schedule was abandoned, Onety-Nine were unbeaten champions, with Onety-Seven close behind.

J. McD.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, E. Bunyan, Capt.

Hockey

AS usual, discussions as to hockey prospects for the coming winter was one of the chief topics of discussion among the fans, even early in the fall. As far as it could be figured out, St. Michael's was going to have a crack little junior O. H. A. team, which expectation was strengthened by the coming of Reg. Noble, the well known junior star, to the College. Even when the latter left some time afterwards to eventually join the Riversides, the present Senior O. H. A. champions, even then the enthusiasm did not wane in the least. Several of the former team were eligible still, as the two Kellys, Frank Doyle and Bob Lowrey, none of whom need any introduction here, while the recruits, "Big Jim" Cully, Gordon McIntosh and E. Brown, formerly of Ottawa College, as well as Jack Travers and Jack O'Connor from Sudbury, all had reputations as being among the first ranks of speed artists.

However, just before the season opened, like a bolt from a clear sky, the unforeseen happened and all hopes and expectations were blasted. President Father Carr decided that the College, in accordance with a like decision of the University, would not play in the O. H. A. this winter. It was indeed as if a bomb had exploded within these sacred walls, and you may well imagine the disappointment and regret that this news brought; but of course the only way was "to grin and bear it."

The situation, however, was not so bad as appeared, for there was the Jennings Cup—the Inter-Faculty League—in which the College could compete. It had been originally intended to have a team in this league anyway, but the addition of the Junior O. H. A. men to the squad made it necessary to enter two teams, one a Senior and the other a Junior team.

The Seniors were grouped with Pharmacy, School of Science, and the Veterinary College, the latter withdrawing before the opening of the season. In the Junior group were St. Michael's, Junior School, Junior Meds. and Forestry, the latter also withdrawing after playing one or two games.

It might be well here to give the line-up of the College teams as they were to play. In the Seniors there were: goal, E. Brown; defence, J. Cully and C. Kelly; forwards, F. Doyle, L. Kelly, J. Travers, E. Bunyan and R. L. Lowrey. The Juniors were in like order, J. Ryan, W. Hattrick and J. O'Connor, T. Gallivan, W. Mulvihill, G. McIntosh and W. Flanagan.

The Seniors' first game was with Pharmacy. As can be seen from the names above, the College had a strong team on hand for this game, and were out to win. The ice was very soft, which made the play slow throughout. However, our boys were there all the time and were ahead in every period, winning out by a score of 4—0.

The win over Pharmacy gave the boys confidence for the next game against Senior School. The latter, however, were a pretty strong aggregation and gave



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM.

the wearers of the double blue a hard go. Neither team scored until the second period, when St. Michael's slapped in a counter. They repeated twice in quick succession in the last period and it looked like an easy win. The School, however, proved to be strong finishers and managed to get two before the end.

Pharmacy were in better shape for their return game with the College and were determined to redeem themselves by a win. They were not far from doing this either, for they were only beaten by one goal. Much to the surprise of the Irishmen, the game ended in a tie and ten minutes' overtime were necessary to return St. Michael's winners by 1—0.

The second game between Senior St. Michael's and Senior School was anybody's game right to the last and resulted in a tie 1—1, which was not played off.

Junior St. Michael's played Junior School on the same day, and the latter were handed the surprise of their lives. The College held the School team down all through, and this game too ended in a tie. In the overtime play the College notched two goals and held their opponents scoreless.

At this time prospects were very bright for both our teams, but the gods did not seem to favour us to any great extent. Both teams were protested, on the ground of ineligible players. The decision of the meeting was that the two teams would have to amalgamate and play two games against Senior School, to declare a group winner.

The first of these games resulted in another tie, one all, the second tie game for these teams, though St. Michael's were not going as strong as usual.

In the final game School had the advantage over their lighter opponents, for the ice was soft and cut up badly in spots. Nevertheless the Irishmen, with their never-say-die spirit, fought hard to overcome the two goal lead which School got in the second period, but it was in vain. Final score, 2—0.

The loss of this game, of course, put St. Michael's out of the running. However, the boys had given a good account of themselves, and though naturally somewhat disappointed, they packed away their skates and sticks with a cheerful "better luck next time." Manager McTague is to be congratulated on the splendid showing of the teams, even though his efforts were not crowned with success.

Ere closing the hockey page, we must make mention of the trip to Guelph by the Seniors in January. Manager McTague arranged a game with the St. John's Club of Guelph, which team the College had the pleasure of meeting last winter. St. John's gave our boys a scare, being ahead of them after two periods of play, with a score of 4—3. However, condition told in the final period, and the College piled up six goals in quick succession. Final score, 9—4.

After the game the members of the team were entertained by the Club at a very pleasant social. Needless to say that the trip was enjoyed to the full and will long be remembered by all.

The Minims Football Series

IN these days of world-shaking struggles, when the brain and muscle of mighty peoples are tasked to the utmost—in the midst of this furious storm of the nations—the contest of the Minims for the football shield may seem a mere “tempest in a teapot.” But for the boys, day scholars and boarders, engaged in it, it did not seem so. It was for them an absorbing trial of strength and ingenuity, a warfare real and intense. They will never forget these battles, with their attacks and counter-attacks. Now there is a drive by “Steve” Healey, now one by Captain Kirwin; then a flanking movement by “Himer” Gleason, stopped only by Anderson’s barb-wire offensive. Then the Boarders take the offensive. Captain Labelle leaps from the trenches and crumples the enemy’s line, penetrating to a depth of six or seven yards. Presently a wedge is driven in with terrific force. Who can resist it, for it is led by a “Gordon” and supported by the concentration of many batteries—Burn’s, Dunbar’s and Stafford’s. But the onrush is checked. The ranks have been mowed down by the Harrison machine gun. Counter attacks work havoc. Bayonets are freely used, and the keenness of Rogers’ steel is once more shown. They break through the lines and the guns are “spiked.”

Seven battles followed one another in rapid success, with victory now on one side and now on the other. Labell’s forces consistently showed a superiority in frontal attacks. Rarely did they fail to capture the enemies’ trenches. But this advantage was more than outweighed by the better air service and long distance batteries of Kerwin’s army. Again and again his heavy artillery rendered of no avail the gains of the advancing battalions. They were forced to fall back and again “dig in.” Thrice were Labell’s boarders victorious, thrice defeated. The final and decisive battle was won by the day scholars, and they carried off the spoils in triumph. No one was more interested in this struggle than the two chaplains—Father M. Oliver of the victors, and Father W. Murray of the vanquished. They returned to their pastoral duties on the St. Michael’s Flats convinced that they had witnessed the greatest struggle in the history of the Minims.

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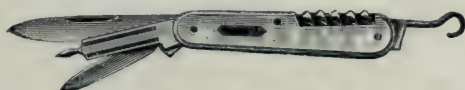
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Elegy

Written in a College Dormitory.

The cowbell clangs the advent of the day,
The moaning herd turns slowly o'er in bed,
The sleepy prefect lifts his voice to pray,
"Oh Lord! Give us this day our daily bread."

No ans'ring "Amen" greets his little prayer,
His dulcet voice, all quivering with the cold,
Doth waste its sweetness on the desert air,
And all the beds a solemn stillness hold.

Save that from yonder blanket-covered bed
A snoring boy to Morpheus doth complain
Of such, as wand'ring near his sleepy head,
Molest the calm that rests his weary brain.

Where heave the quilts in many an eerie mound,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies doth he rave,
Now rooting for some athlete, well renown'd,
Now murm'ring that his room-mate needs a shave.

How jocund did he seem but yester' eve!
Burrowing 'neath his blankets, like a mole;
Alas! The frosty zephyrs, I believe,
Do freeze the genial current of his soul.

"Can honour's voice provoke this lad forlorn?"
Thus mused the prefect, sleep from whom had fled.
"The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
Could never rouse him from his lowly bed."

Into the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
He fain would, for the nonce, neglect to stray;
Contented with his present mode of life,
He keeps the noisy tenor of his way.

For who, to pricks of conscience such a prey,
To rising early, with the bell, resign'd,
Left his warm precincts at the break of day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

EPITAPH.

Here rest their heads and yonder rest their toes,
Fair youths whom Fortune cannot long ignore.
Here all alike in trembling hope repose
Of being allowed to sleep just one hour more.

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clothes should be

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LIMITED

Scotty McIntosh was minutely examining several pressed thistles which he had collected as specimens in his freshman year. Mr. W. P. Smith, the well-known authority on the subject of Nutrition, entered the room but withdrew hastily, muttering: "Oh! I beg your pardon, sir! I didn't know that you were at luncheon."

"Peter" Kelly: "He puts up the finest medicine I've ever used. Why old John Corrigan, who was up in the infirmary for three weeks, left his bed after taking four doses."

Gus O'Shea (who has used only the pills): "He probably left it for a grave prepared for him in some nice cemetery."

"I'm a nut," quoth Jummy Murphy.
Said his mate, "You arlikell!
For secundum the scripturem,
You are nothing but a shell."

HYMNS OF HATE.

J. B. Collins:—

"The thing that fills to brimming
My never-empty cup,
Is waiting for the mirror,
When Toby's fussin' up.

Wilfred Harris (whose room is always well ventilated):—

"I 'ates it! I 'ates it and who'll presume
To chide me for 'atin' this blarsted tomb."

Bad Joe McCanin:—

"Curses! Curses! Curses! and likewise Hully gee!
I get so mad at Smithy I can scarcely even see.
It's goin' to make me dippy; 'twill drive me off my egg,
The everlasting clicking of that automatic leg.

Tout le Monde:—

Hate in the morning
And hate at night,
Hatred that blurs with blood the sight;
Hatred implacable,
Hate most vile,
We have one hate and one only hate—
H A S H ! ! !

Joe McDonagh (at suffrage debate): "Our country's best resources are in its women."

Hollow voice from rear (suspected to be that of X. Montague): "The resources should be husbanded."

“THE MAKING OF A WILL

is one of the most simple and at the same time one of the most important duties of every man and women. There are reputable lawyers and trust companies who will see that a will is properly made and that an estate is properly administered. Endless troubles and worries are caused by neglect to make a will. It is a matter for to-day.”—*Judge Lennox.*

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Hand (successor to Cohen) at the telephone: "I don't know you. I've never been introduced to you. Are you my aunt?"

Mr. McGee: "What are the chief exports of Brazil?"

Bill Baker: "Wine, women and song, from which we make such pleasant drinks."

Joe Shanahan: "Father Oliver, I wish you would either take Kehoe out of the room, or give me another. Every time I look at him I see Red."

TO THE CHEF.

My throat aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had quaff'd,
Or emptied some vile potion to the drains
One minute past; and after I have cough'd
And spluttered, snorted, dribbled on my vest,
With wonder then I gave into the brew,
That tastes of —— and of Paris green;
I put it to the test,
And lo! instead of coffee, 'tis a stew
Of all that is or all that's ever been.

Fade far away, dissolve, evaporate,
Oh Chef! thou dabbler, thou incompetent,
Thou who dost seek thy wicket lust to sate
Upon the students in this prison pent,
Where youth grows pale and, specter-thin, and dies;
Thou leavest us in agony to starve;
We ask for toast, thou givest us a stone;
Our pleadings you despise.
Beshrew me, but if e're we meet I'll carve
With thine own butcher-knife thy wishing-bone.*

*Colloquial English for wish-bone, e.g., "drawing-poker."

Youthful aspirant after wisdom: "Were you ever married, Vic?"

Vic.: "No, but I almost was once."

Y. A. A. W.: "And how was that?"

Vic.: "Well, I was out walking with her father beside the river, and he slipped into the water. I jumped in and saved him from drowning.

He says: 'Young man, you have saved me from a watery grave, and I shall give you the best I have in recompense, my daughter.'"

Y. A. A. W. (breathlessly): "And then?"

Vic.: "Then I threw him back into the river."

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OH! PRUNES!

Back I wandered to the city
After many years abroad;
Back I came to view the College,
Old St. Michael's—Land of Nod.

Oft, as up the street I hasten'd,
Did I falter in dismay,
All the old, long-cherished landmarks
Long ago had passed away.

Sadly then I plodded onwards,
Knowing what I soon would see,
Till I glimpsed it from the corner,
Tattered ghost of S. M. C.

There it stood, a noble ruin,
All its doors and windows wrecked,
Walls were clustered thick with ivy,
Roofs were all with moss bedecked.

Underneath the "Students' Entrance,"
"Post No Bills" a legend read;
All about the hallowed precincts
Posters vaunted "Nasmith's Bread."

Where a corner-stone had crumbled,
Close at hand, a sign was fixed,
"This would never yet have happened
Had they used Don Valley Bricks."

Past the faded "Me Custodem,"
In I walked with heart downcast,
And my soul was filled with mem'ries,
Recollections of the past.

Yet, methinks, I felt a presence;
Something living in the air;
Some elusive, subtle essence.
Lurking in the shadows there.

How it changed the empty hallaway,
Seemed to fill the place with life.
Seemed to me, with boyish laughter,
All the corridors were rife.

Frantic'ly I searched the passage;
Every nook did I explore,
Up the old, worm-eaten stairway,
Still as baffled as before.

You Buy

Christie's
Biscuits

You Buy the Best



Made in Canada

Through the silent, ghostly spaces,
All day long I searched in vain;
Now the scent strong in my nostrils,
Now the trail grew cold again.

Slowly, through the falling twilight,
Dauntless still I wandered on,
Till at last my courage faltered,
Every doorway seemed to yawn.

Suddenly from out the stillness,
Plaintively upon my ear,
Fell a voice, so soft and tender,
"Come! draw closer, I am here."

"I am he whom thou hast sought for
'Neath the light of Mother Moon,—
I, the solace of the student;
Lo! behold! The luscious Prune."

"Duke": "That saying, 'It's hard to keep a good man down' is thousands of years old."

"Count": "Do tell!"

"Duke": "Sure thing. Why that's what the whale told Jonah."

Father Meader (Religious Knowledge Lecture): "Now, there are quite a number of superstitions prevalent amongst even the educated classes. For instance, the belief that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. Do you put any faith in that, Brown?"

Ab. (after an impressive silence): "Well! It all depends on how good a shot you get at the dog."



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Mr. Maloney was on his deathbed, and he called Mr. O'Connor, the lawyer, to draw up his will.

"You say you have £2,000, Mr. Maloney. Now how do you wish to leave it?"

"Give £250 to the Cork Orphan Asylum."

"Very well, what next?"

"Put down £250 for the Little Sisters of the Poor."

"Very well, what next?"

"Put down £140 that I owe Jerry Casey."

"Very well, Mr. Maloney. What else?"

"Give Tom Casey the £350 I owe him."

"What next, then, Mr. Maloney?"

"Put down £1,000 for my brother Pat. He don't need it, but I can't take it with me. And I guess that's all I own, isn't it?"

"No, there are £10 still left, Mr. Maloney."

"Well, put that down for the boys to have a time on at my funeral."

"Will I put it down to spend going to the funeral or coming back?"

"Put it down for going to the funeral, for then I'll be wid ye."

HOTEL EPICURUS.

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Service Descartes.

History of Philosophy Banquet.

MENU.

Soup.

Crème de Pez.

Utility Consommé

Fish

Kant Saloman

Freidrich Chubb

Entrees.

Rational Bacon with immortal eggs.

Commodius Plato beans.

Boiled Haucks with Monads.

Roasts.

Roast Baur.

Schneider's Catsup.

Roast possible cow au jus.

Salads.

Olivi.

Young asparagus Shutz.

Des Serres.

Pascal's Individualistic a Briscot Jammy.

Revelation Correns Pudding.

Stewed Bruhnes.

Cassiodorus Burger and D'Alembert Cheese.

Ehrhard Bread.

Buns Scottish.

Nuts.

Fulbert and the rest of them.

Avicenna tea.

Ott Coffey.

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JEWS' FLAT ANTHOLOGY.

Room 10.

The High Priest am I; Father Murray.
My word is law; I cast into exile those
Who disregard my word; I am kind
But just; my sceptre is a pencil.

Room 13.

Next in place am I: an athlete,
But to the Lady Nicotine I make my prayer;
I demand offerings to her from my subjects.
She and my bed; we three are friends.

Room A.

'The mournful voice of Brown's harmonica
And Cully's prancing make wierd our room;
Sureda speaks English like a native
Of Cuba; and Cully, Junior, is our helpless slave.

Room C.

We Gallaghers are three; and Fallon four:
Fallon the fusser, he of the crescent paunch.
We three are open-hearted, and divide our substance
Among ourselves. Life is not in our room.

Room 1.

McDonald and Letellier: we are the last
Of Peterboro's vanishing cohorts. I, Buck,
Have the visage of an undertaker and
Conduct myself accordingly. Leon has made me sad.

Room 2.

I am Xaxier: I love the ladies, my comforter,
And my small friends from the yard, and have
An itching palm for other people's soap.
Brown loves, after his books, the Faculty.

Room 3.

I am Bill Ryan, and leave this dreary place
For the finer spirits at Newman Hall and 'Varsity:
My room-mate, Jakey, is an awful bum
In both subjective and objective sense.

Room 4.

Sheehy and Flanagan: we are congenial spirits
And like above all else a joke
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Room 5.

I am O'Brien; on week days just a little boy,
On Sundays—ah, behold a trousered man!
And yet, in spite of Keemlé's howling songs
And Reding's puns, I will survive—to wear them every day.

Room 6.

We hail from Hamilton, and in the dreadful fact
Take brazen pleasure. Dermody's neck is stiff and sore
From awe-struck gazing at Toronto's high-built houses,
And O'Brien's from eager following of the nurse's movements.

Room 7.

Grace and O'Grady: as our names are euphonistic,
So our spirits are in harmony. We come from Renfrew
And find this strenuous place too hard
For our retiring spirits; leave us to meditation.

Room 8.

Kinlin and Feeney: We have a kindred love
For Greek and idle ease; when Greek is done
And ease has palled upon us, we resign ourselves
To the arms of the gentle god, and drift to slumber and forgetfulness.

Room 9.

I am McDonald, and someday will be
A great and honest lawyer, although my stolen "trot"
Has much impaired my skill at Latin, and O'Grady,
The horrid tease, has nearly ruined my peace of mind.

Room 11.

I, the lady-killer, Kelly, will never forgive
That flashy person, Campeau, for stealing
All my convent friends; Travers, my mate,
Thinks Rugby is a brutal sport.

Room 12.

I, the lean but well-fed Webster, with that "terrible" man,
My room-mate Hand, skilful master
Of the gentle art of B-u-l-l, can eat, and eat, and eat r
And eat again, but never fill the aching void.

Room 13.

I am the hockey critic, Fallon, and though I never saw
The great game played, I know it through and through;
O'Reilly has an interesting line, but sometimes
I grow weary of that wondrous "fellow down t' home."

Room 14.

We are the brothers Keenan; ever and anon
We needs must beckon back the frightened
And departed Dove of Peace, the silly bird
That takes affront at our fraternal bickering.

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Room 16.

McKenna and Giroux: a little daytime slumber,
A little work, and a good view from our window;
A deadly feud with Mr. Hand, our neighbor,
These eased our days, and made the long year happy.

Room 18.

O'Connor and Cameron: we take our duties seriously,
And find solace enough in a room
That is ever quiet and well-ordered.
The doings of our neighbour disturb us not.

Room 20.

I am Spellman, and I play the 'cello.
My Campeau is a Beau Brummell, but Barry,
Gazing at life in all its seriousness,
Has taught us twain the useful fruits of toil.

Murphy (a bachelor): "I hear they make matches in the next world."
O'Brien: "Yes, Lucifer matches, I suppose."

Pat received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason, "Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

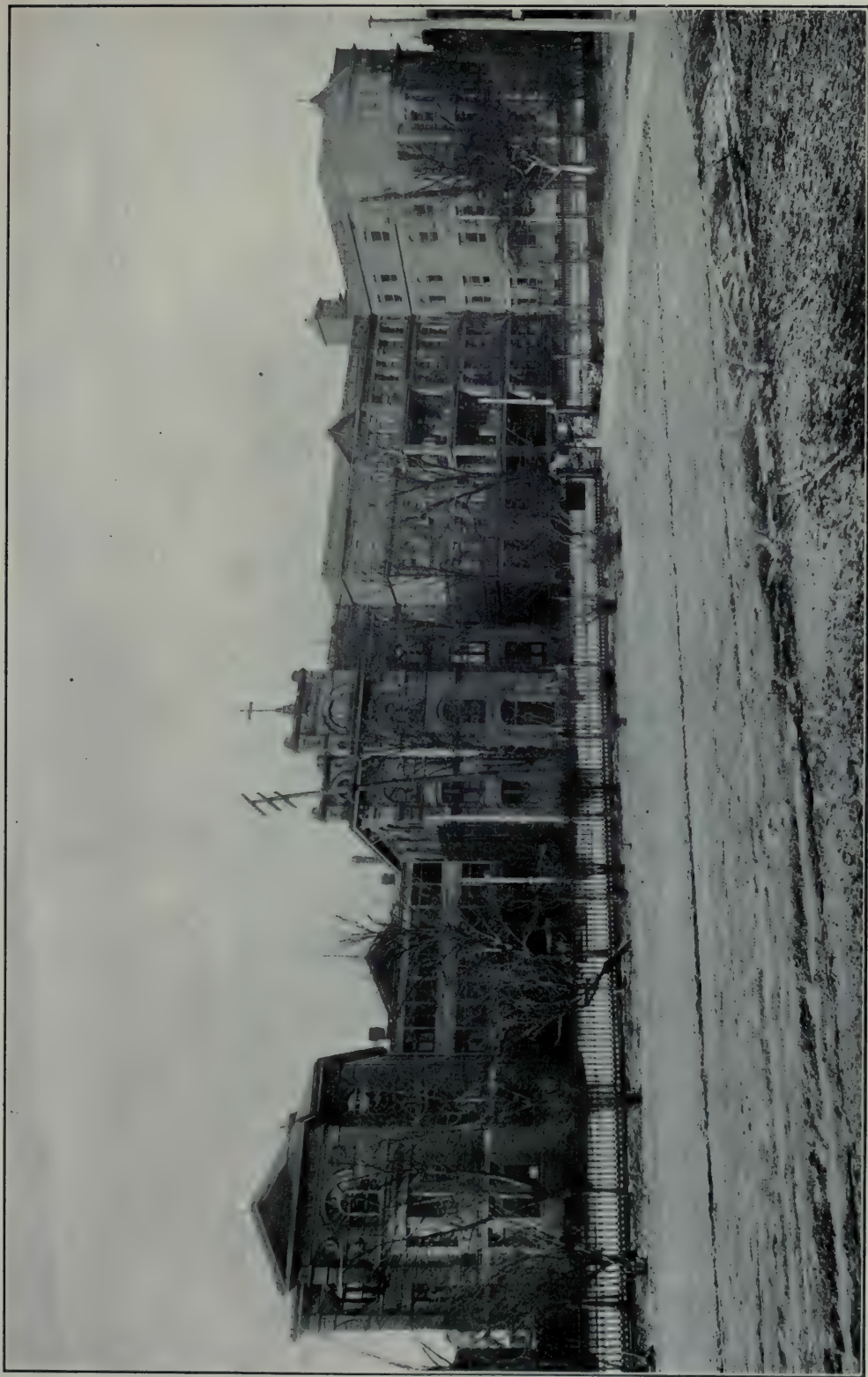
Reginald, at the door: "Is Miss Katinka in?"
Maid: "Yes, sor."
Reginald, hopefully: "Is she engaged?"
Maid: "Yes, sor, but he isn't here this evening. Come in."

Gallivan (to Nunan): "What did you buy that alarm clock for?"
Nunan: "Well, I like to rise early. So all I have to do is to pull that little string and wake myself."

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were sentenced to be hanged for murder, but were allowed to choose the manner of death for themselves. The Englishman said he wished to be hanged on an ash tree; the Scotchman chose an oak, while Pat preferred a goosberry bush. The judge said to the latter, "That isn't big enough." "Well, then," said Pat, "I'll wait till it grows."

Gus O'Shea (to Larry Kelly): "I got a letter to-day from a friend of mine in purgatory,"

Larry: "How do you know it's from purgatory?"
Gus: "Well, it says on it 'From Dead Letter Office.'"



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"Are you going to marry Mr. Boot, the preacher?"

"No."

"Why?"

"He's too eccentric."

"How's that?"

"Well, he calls his congregation in New York his dear New York souls, and his Pittsburg congregation his dear Pittsburg souls, and I suppose all the show I'd ever get would be to have him call me his half-soul."

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I remember
Meeting you
In September
Sixty-two.
We were eating
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road;
(Sentimental
Episode)
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing,
So was I.
I was smitten,
So were you.
(All that's written
Here is true).
Any money?
—not a bit.

Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted,
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father
To be sure,
Thought it rather premature.
And your mother,
Strange to say,
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then!
(You were seven,
I was ten).
That was many
Years ago—
(Don't let any-
body know.)

"I'm going to ask your father, Mary."

"Don't do it, John, he's so contrary."

"Well, then, I'll talk to your mother," says I.

"Oh don't," says Mary, beginning to cry.

"Then how can I get you, my darling?" says I;

"For if I can't get you I'll certainly die."

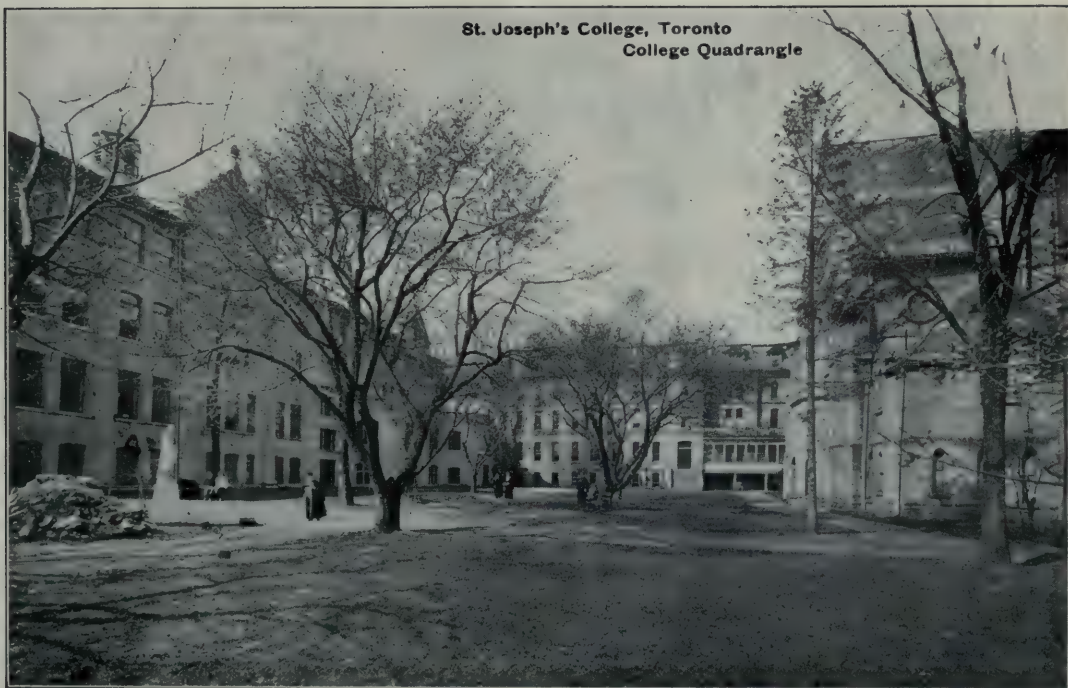
"Don't say die, for a method to save you I see;

"Since they're both so contrary, you'd better ask me."

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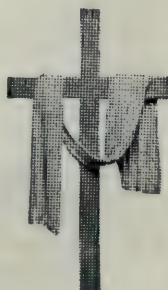
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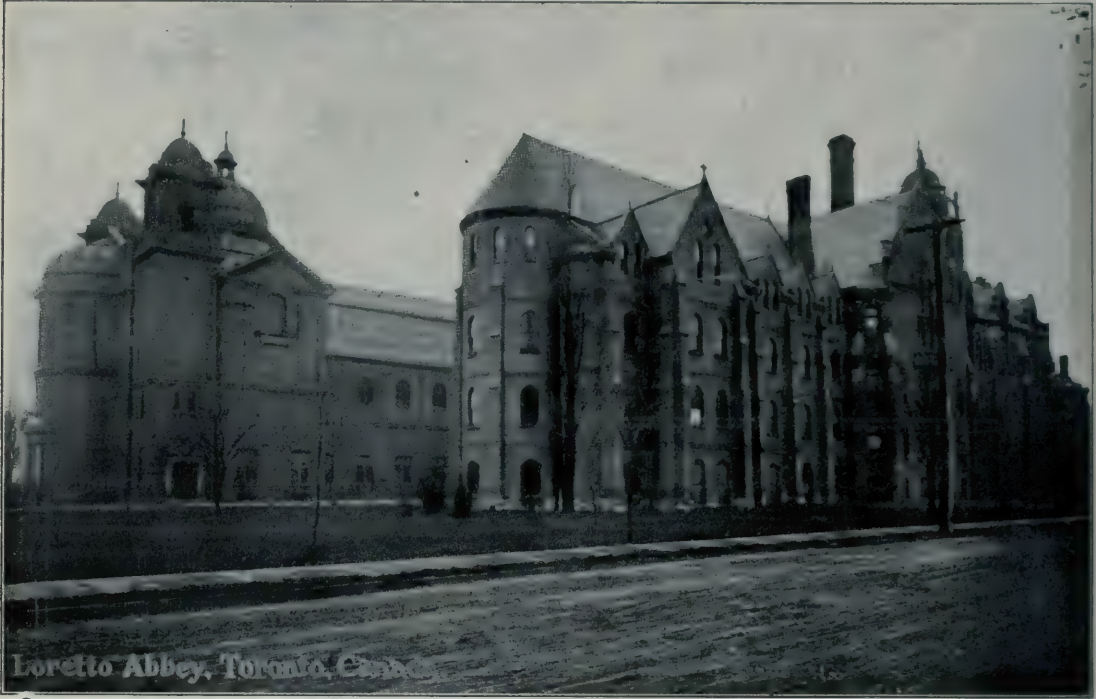
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 Callaghan, H. 4 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto
 Conlogue, R. B. 477 Parliament St., Toronto
 Cully, J. Hever. North Bay, Ont.
 Dermody, V. 157 Catherine St., Hamilton, Ont.
 Dwyer, P. M. 91 Medland Cres., Toronto
 Egan, J. D. 211 Oakmount Rd., Toronto
 Egan, M. J. Brechin, Ont.
 Feeney, J. F. Tweed, Ont.
 Flanagan, W. G. Chapleau, Ont.
 Giroux, R. F. Missoula, P.Q.
 Hand, W. Foxglove. 610 Princess Ave., London, Ont.
 Harris, W. F. 447 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
 Kelly, W. F. 97 St. George St., Toronto
 Keogh, J. J. Colgan, Ont.
 Kinlin, W. J. Tweed, Ont.
 Lawless, A. T. Grafton, Ont.
 Leonard, P. J. 1470 King St. W., Toronto
 Letellier, L. A. 15 Crescent St., Peterborough, Ont.
 McGee, W. P. R.R. No. 3, Lucan, Ont.
 McKenna, F. A. Colgan, Ont.
 Maillaux, L. J. R.R. No. 4, Amherstburg, Ont.
 Malloy, J. D. Webbwood, Ont.
 Montague, O. X. Jarvis, Ont.
 Moore, C. R. 59 Woodlawn Ave. W., Toronto
 Moore, T. F. 397 Main St., Wellsville, N.Y.
 Nunan, Maximus. Guelph, Ont.
 O'Brien, J. A. 173 Young St., Hamilton, Ont.
 O'Brien, T. J. R.R. No. 5, Hamilton, Ont.
 O'Connor, G. A. 111 Browning Ave., Toronto
 O'Connor, J. J. Sudbury, Ont.
 O'Reilly, J. B. 28 Duke St., Toronto
 Quinlan, F. J. Ennismore, Ont.
 Reddin, E. A. 503 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto
 Redding, S. P. Hamilton, Ont.
 Ryan, J. V. 80 Hilton Ave., Toronto
 Ryan, M. W. 275 Reid St., Peterborough, Ont.
 Shannon, J. Latta, Ont.
 Shanahan, J. Mount St. Louis, Ont.
 Tallon, J. E. Cornwall, Ont.
 Tremblay, P. Tilbury, Ont.
 Weaver, E. J. 152 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto
 Webster, B. I. 49 Welland Ave., St. Catharines, Ont.

Academic Directory

Matriculation Class.

Barrack, M.	88 Bolton Ave., Toronto
Bauer, J. C.	101 Walnut St., Toronto
Burns, P.	
Cameron, G.	Alexandria, Ont.
Collins, F. W.	270 Avenue Rd., Toronto
Coughlin, R.	280 Hunter St., Peterboro
Enright, P.	c/o Customs House, Toronto
Fallon, G.	North Bay, Ont.
Farrell, B.	Marlbank, Ont.
Gallagher, E.	2256 Franklin Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Gallagher, J.	2256 Franklin Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Gordon, J.	56 North Wentworth St., Hamilton
Goulet, L.	Renfrew, Ont.
Grace, M. J.	Killaloe, Ont.
Grace, Wm.	Corkery, Ont.
Hawkins, F.	Tweed, Ont.
Hennessey, Jno.	18 Scollard St., Toronto
Horan, L.	Locktown, Ont.
Hurley, J. C.	6 Dundonald St., Toronto
Johnson, M.	36 Brookfield St., Toronto
Jones, M.	14 West Lodge Ave., Toronto
Kelly, Arthur.	33 Maple Ave., Toronto
Kelly, C. J.	Markdale, Ont.
Kelly, G.	
Kirk, J. F.	336 Crawford St., Toronto
Keenan, J.	Owen Sound
Keenan, R.	Owen Sound
Lagoe, F.	98 Cayuga St., Oswego, N.Y.
Loughrane, B.	52 Grant St., Toronto
Long, M.	540 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto
Mackan, D. M.	57 Yates St., St. Catharines, Ont.
Mallon, P.	332 Spadina Rd., Toronto
McCrea, Jas.	Springtown, Ont.
McDonald, Jas.	Orillia, Ont.
McDonnell, V.	Peterborough, R.F.D. 9
McMullen, J.	228 Wellesley St., Toronto
Millar, F.	North Bay
Mulvihill, W.	Arnprior, Ont.
O'Donnell, J.	Mimico, Ont.
O'Connor, John F.	316 Deese St., Fort William, Ont.
O'Connor, Jos.	Whitby, Ont.
Redican, F.	11 Gloucester St., Toronto
Smith, C.	90 Pendrith St. W., Toronto
Sheehy, M.	269 Rubidge St., Peterborough
Travers, J.	178 Cedar St., Sudbury
Tierney, F.	Jockvale, Ont.
Watson, L.	1457 Queen St. West., Toronto
Whelan, J. P.	80 Church St., Toronto

Second Year.

Burke, V.	R.R. No. 1, Alliston
Collins, F.	270 Avenue Rd., Toronto
Cully T.	Eganville, Ont.
Corridan, C.	325 Nepeau St., Ottawa, Ont.
Dunbar, J.	R.R. No. 2, Priceville
Dignan, E.	296 Queen's Ave., London, Ont.
Egan, V.	567 Markham St., Toronto
Forest, T. H.	35 York St., Ottawa
Gallagher, R.	2256 Franklin Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Glynn, R.	45 Ellis St., Niagara Falls
Hickey, V.	571 Sherbourne St., Toronto
Holmes, A.	10 Bloor St. E., Toronto
Harris, S. W.	Main St. and Kingston Rd., Toronto
Labelle, A.	Shelldrake, Mich.
Lowrey, R.	182 Pretoria Ave., Ottawa
Lynch, W.	26A Gloucester St., Toronto
McIntosh, D.	Greenfield, Ont.
McConvey, Wm.	20 Sydney St., Toronto
McDonald, Clare.	Perry St., Peterborough
McDonnell, H.	609 E.N.B. Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.
McFee, A.	Alexandria, Ont.
Mackay, Thos.	57 Yates St., St. Catharines
Munro, H.	100 Sweetland St., Ottawa
O'Neil, J.	Kinburn, Ont.
Rush, E.	97 Lippincott St., Toronto
Ryan, Jas.	361 Queen St. West., Toronto
Robbins, W.	Warminster, Ont.
Shea, F.	83 Welland Ave., St. Catharines
Spellman, A.	Hastings, Ont.
Stock, B.	Mimico, Ont.
Tallan, H.	Cornwall, Ont.
Thompson, G.	106 St. Augustine St. W., Quebec, P.Q.
Vale, P.	713 Ontario St., Toronto

First Academic.

Anderson, J.	Ovid, New York
Barry, J. H.	193 Hunter St. E., Peterborough
Carr, Jos.	Oshawa, Ont.
Donnelly, F.	Pinkerton
Egan, J.	567 Markham St., Toronto
Flanagan, P.	120 First Ave., Toronto
Farrell, Thos.	Marlbank, Ont.
Gleason, J.	20 Cumberland St., Toronto
Harris, V.	Main St. and Kingston Rd., Toronto
Harrison, J.	Tamworth, Ont.
Hopkins, H.	Corbyville, Ont.
James, A.	431 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto
Knowlton, A.	2 Silver Birch Ave., Toronto
Kerwin, C.	26 Scarborough Rd., Toronto
Kelly, Chas. M.	Athlone, Ont.
Keegan, J.	Maniwaki, P.Q.

Knowlton, Chas.	2 Silver Birch Ave., Toronto
Lynch, E.	26A Gloucester St., Toronto
McBride, W.	88 Birch Ave., Toronto
Mulvey, Chas.	352 Stewart St., Ottawa
Mousseau, E.	Campbell's Bay
Malloy, R.	Webbwood, Ont.
O'Reilley, J.	76 St. Paul St., Lindsay, Ont.
Quinn, E.	461 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto
Rogers, J.	166 St. George St., Toronto
Rogers, F.	166 St. George St., Toronto
Richards, H.	2 St. James Ave., Toronto
Sullivan, J.	562 Ontario St., Toronto
Ferland, Fred.	Haileybury, Ont.
Cox, John	301 King St., London, Ont.

Commercial Directory

Ares, R.	St. Cesaire, P.Q.
Begin, J.	Grandes Piles, P.Q.
Dusablon, A. R.	525 St. Andre St., Montreal, P.Q.
Graham, R.	Renfrew, Ont.
Lajoie, W.	Three Rivers, P.Q.
Marquis, R.	183 Marie de L'Incarnation, Quebec, P.Q.
Paquet, A.	Levis, P.Q.
Paquet, P.	350 Rue du Rois, St. Roche, P.Q.
Paquet, R.	126 Church St., St. Roche, P.Q.
Ryan, Gordon	Thornhill, Ont.
Sureda, A.	Utuaado, Porto Rico
Timmins, J.	Copper Cliff, Ont.
Baker, W.	11 E. Bancroft St., Toledo, Ohio
Grant, A.	Maitland Apts., Toronto
Gough, A.	92 Crescent Rd., Toronto
Hewlett, P.	84 Redwood Ave., Toronto
Hayes, L.	139 Roxborough E., Toronto
Hollywood, M.	43 Adelaide St. W., Toronto
James H.	431 Palmerston Ave., Toronto
Lynch, G.	562 Bloor St. W., Toronto
Levasseur, Jas.	Sheldrake, Mich.
Losky, Wm.	Whithy, Ont.
Meagher, E. L.	1 Henry St., Toronto
Malloy, P.	Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
McCormick, J. B.	79 Charles St. East
McGee, Patrick	R.R. No. 3, Lucan, Ont.
McLaughlin, M.	R.R. No. 3, Lucan, Ont.
Shanahan, F.	289 Victoria St., Toronto
Stafford, Tobias	Renfrew, Ont.
Tolley, Cyril	124 Close Ave., Toronto
Whyte, Wm.	Huntsville, Ont.
Worthy, Vincent	37 Kippendavie Ave., Toronto
Watson, N.	89 Spencer Ave., Toronto

